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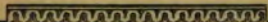


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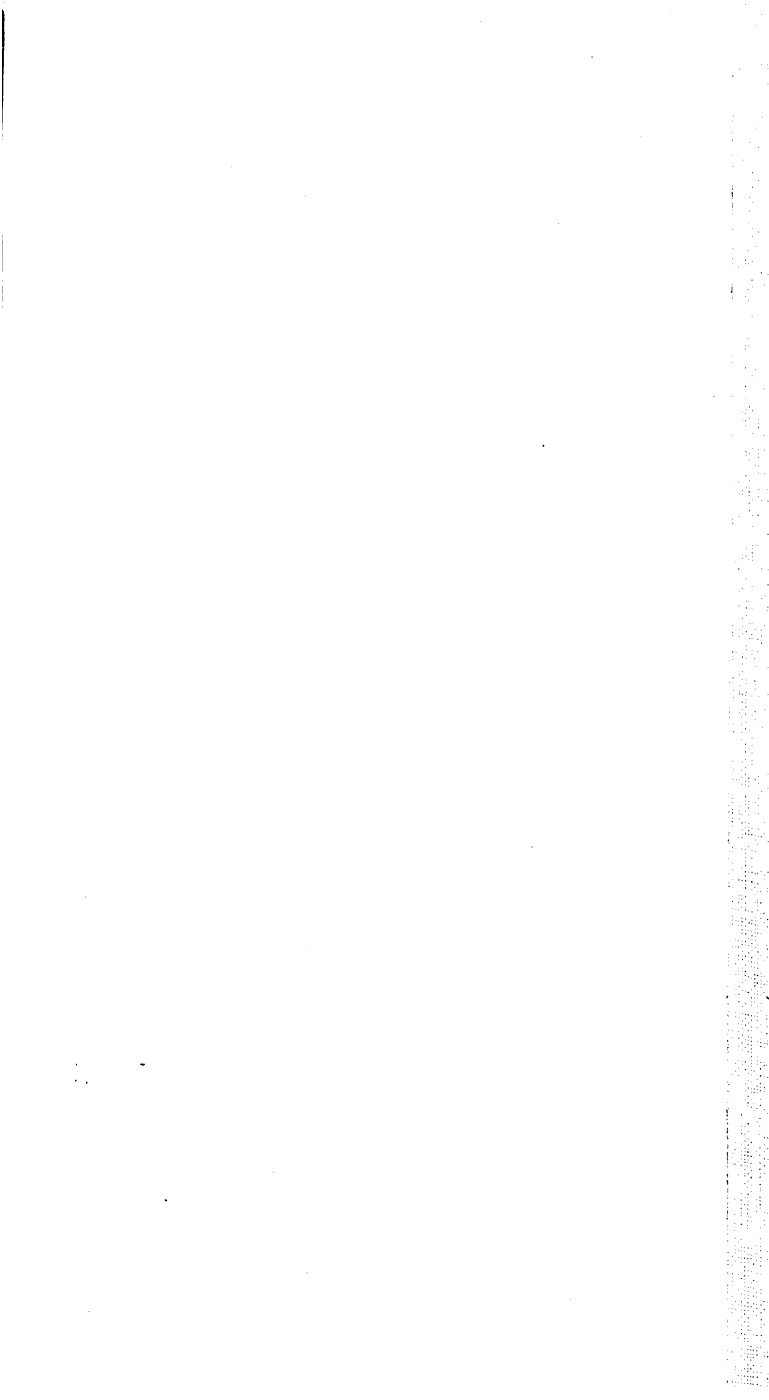
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1. London - Social life, 19th cent.

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EVERY NIGHT BOOK;

OR,

LIFE AFTER DARK.

7

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CIGAR."



"Put out the LIGHT, and then ——— the LIFE!"

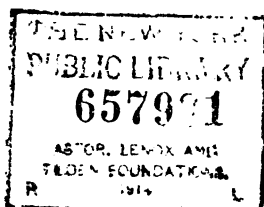
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CONTENTS.

	Page
Adelphi Theatre.....	17
Almack's	20
Argyle Rooms	18.
Astley's.....	22
Baths.....	25
Bartholomew Fair.....	29
Bagnigge Wells.....	36
Belcher's.....	37
Billiard Tables.....	44
Bleaden's	47
Bow Street.....	48
Brace Tavern.....	51
Cider Cellar.....	53
Coal-hole	55
Coburg Theatre.....	58
Cock Tavern	61
Cock-pit.....	71
Covent Garden	74
Cribb's Crib.....	80
Divans	84
Drury Lane	99
English Opera House.....	103
Finish.....	107
French Theatre.....	108
Haymarket.....	121

	Page
Harp	122
Hells	123
House of Commons	129
Kean's Head	142
King's Theatre	145
Long's	147
Menagerie	150
Mrs. H.'s	155
Offley's	156
Olympic.	157
Private Theatres	160
Rainbow	162
Rotunda.	<i>ib.</i>
Royal Saloon.	163
Rolls' Court	164
Royal Academy	168
Sadler's Walls	174
Society of Arts	175
Surrey Theatre	176
Vauxhall	178

P R E F A C E.

Let me have audience for a word or two.

JAQUES DE BOIS

WE have neither time nor inclination to be formal—allow us to dash at once in *media res*—to be hail-fellow-well-met without a dull and dignified introduction—by no means rude, but perfectly familiar. We have an awkward business on hand—the manufacturing of a preface—permit us to manage it in our own way. This part of a work generally costs an author more pains, and affords the select few who happen to skim over its paragraphs less pleasure, than any thing that succeeds it. The “peers of the plume” when penning a preface, like men in general when placed by the side of a stranger of whom they wish to make a friend, generally attempt to show off—to strike—to enthrall—to captivate their new acquaintance; a failure follows as a matter of course. There is no “love at first sight” in literary affairs; we are frequently piqued at a preface, and yet admire an author, when we begin to know him better; and quite as often are we disgusted with a play

after having been delighted with its prologue. For our own part, we are so sensible of the truth of these observations, that we always make ourself "quite at home"—or rather as much so as possible—in either of the two cases: still, we feel that we are placed in a situation by no means delightful. One comfort in writing is, that we have all the talk to ourself, and can leave off and take snuff when we have nothing to say, without impeachment of stupidity; we can also—but hold!—it is time to speak of business.

Our book is a vade mecum rather than an encyclopedia—we trust that no one will find it heavy. We give sketches of *most* of the places of evening entertainment about town; it would require a literary Hercules to describe *all*; as it is, our range is tolerably wide: we beat about the haunts of the legal and the light-fingered—the theatrical and the thief; we hunt for our game from the House of Commons to Mother H.'s—Covent Garden to the Cock-pit—a Bond Street Hotel to Bartholomew Fair—the Italian Opera House to the Olympic. We take our reader to the haunts of the poet and the pickpocket—the peer and the pugilist; we coax him to come with us to the lecture-room of the Royal Academy—ramble away to the Rolls' Court—take him to Exeter 'Change—drop in at a Divan, and even snatch a hasty glance at the Royal Saloon and a Finish. We introduce him to Brocard and white-headed Bob; to Curtis and Carlisle, to the Vice-Chancellor's box at the French Theatre, and a city-party's ditto at Vauxhall. We

trust that we have done enough—that our table of contents is sufficiently ample. Some folks will doubtless charge us with omissions—to avoid argument, we agree with them : we penitently confess that Charley Eastup's ken hath not been honoured with a nook in the volume ; we have fought shy of Free-and-Easies, wiped away White Conduit House, et id omne genus, from the tablet of our brain, and cut the Clubs as short as possible. We have given Cribb's and Belcher's as specimens of the sporting houses ; Harry Harmer's, Holt's, Randall's, Burns's, Cy Davis's, Hudson's, &c.&c. we deemed it unnecessary to notice ; we felt that we could not be clever upon the Debating Societies—we have not said a word about them ; scenes of ~~mere disgusting depravity~~ we have utterly avoided. ~~There are, we admit, many~~ places about town, ~~the names of which do not appear~~ in our index, that ought to be mentioned as well as some of those which occupy our ~~pages~~. ~~Tom's~~ Coffee House on Cornhill, where such capital punch is sold, and to whose boxes so many burghers resort, after the toils of traffic are over for the day, would probably have afforded as much matter for an amusing page as Bleaden's—the Shades at London Bridge as the Coal-hole in the Strand—and Stevens's Hotel as Long's ; besides these, there are a great many others. Our excuse for omitting them is simply this—we found it impossible to notice every place of notoriety in the metropolis ; we were, therefore, obliged to “pick and choose ;” and if judgment guided us in our selection

at one time—whim or fancy did so; perhaps, at another: we may have been wrong in many instances—we, however, for one, do not think so.

Many persons on looking at the title of this book, may possibly suppose, that it is a naughty noctuary—a finger-post, directing the “lost ones of the city” to places of perdition—they will find themselves mistaken. We are not so raw upon town as not to know that there is a little *blacksmith's daughter* in Chandos Street, and that divers of her sisters are to be found at different parts of the town; but we should be sorry at our time of life, and holding the character we do, to take a young gentleman on a visit to either of them, in print or in person. If it is true that we have mentioned certain places of questionable—or, rather, to speak plainly—unquestionable reputation; but we have warned those who will go to them, that they had better merely take a passing glance at, than mingle among, the society by which they are frequented; to those who have not yet “passed the rubicon,” we have plainly and honestly said, that they had better “keep house,” and spend the evening in their own parlours, than visit them. We are no Pandar—we should scorn ourself if we were so—we rather assume the manner of a Mentor; and if we are found with our young Telemachus among the nymphs, we advise him, briefly and without any balderdash, to beware of their lures. It is our earnest desire to be useful rather than otherwise—to do good and not evil—to be an antidote rather than a bane.

Many of the scenes described in this book young men will see—we have endeavoured to teach them how to enjoy their humours without making fools of themselves. No one, if he attend to us, will ever start a lark, be fleeced by a *shearer*, or get caged by a Charley. There seems to us to be no very great harm in taking a peep at what is doing in town after sunset, so that it be done with discretion. Dr. Kitchener says, in his amusing book on Cookery, that he has tasted of every dish which he has instructed the novice how to dress : we aver that we have visited, inter alia, all the scenes of which sketches are given in the sequent pages ; and yet we never were embroiled in a row, or met with any thing personally unpleasant, in the whole course of our gas-light peregrinations. Our reader may do the same if he attend to our hints—we hope they are as judicious as they are well-meant.

Nine-tenths of the places which form the subjects of the following articles we should advise the tyro, by all means, to visit : by so doing his morals will not be impeached ; while, at the same time, his mind—his knowledge of men and manners—will be improved. Our book will, we hope, teach him how to appreciate and enjoy them ; for the rest he will, of course, go to them or not, as he thinks fit : perhaps he may be satisfied with our sketches ; if not, we take leave to suggest, that there will be no harm in his reading and remembering what we have said about them. We do not here

affect to be a moralist—far from it; but we are sincerely anxious to do no mischief. We are vain enough to fancy that our volume will be amusing as a fire-side companion to the steady; and the precepts and observations it contains instructive to the youthful, the curious, and the gay.

And now, ye jovial readers of “The Cigar,” allow us again to take “your buttons and your ears;” your old friend, Ebenezer Cullchickweed—hale, hearty, and joyous as when he heretofore held forth in prose and verse for your edification and delight—throws himself once more among you—is he welcome?—We trust he is: we would give the biggest he that breathes the lie direct who would say otherwise. We know that you will receive us cordially. We are the author of “The Cigar.” Yes, our dear blades; as Napoleon said to Barry O’Meara, on the peak of the stony heart of the Atlantic, so do we to ye from our snuggery, “*le mensonge passe, la vérité reste*;”—we are about to commit a beautiful bit of bathos, by-the-bye—we alone are accountable for the demerits of the book in question. Fox Reader is an “unreal mockery;” Cornet Urban D’Oyley is not in the army list; we confess to playing a Frankenstein sort of trick in the creation of Milpuff—do you remember his fishing exploits at Hastings?—Guy Drake, the “well-to-do haggler,” hath neither “a local habitation” on the earth, nor a grave beneath her grassy mantle—no such being ever drew

the breath of life—the character is not even a portrait of any individual in the merry vales of Devon—but a specimen of a class; Larry O'Toole we admit to be a mere creation of the brain; Buckle Tandem never existed; and as for The Veteran—believe us “there’s no such man.” They were all literary puppets set in motion by ourself. It has been said, that the work was the production of many—“ ’tis no such thing”—“ ’twas I that did it”—that is to say, with some trifling reservations. One of the Skinners’ Company wrote “Byard’s Leap,” and “The Dropped Stich;” a dramatist, of more renown than credit, the brief poem entitled “The Dispensary;” a poet and periodical writer of considerable talent is the author of the pipe-lights, except “It rained a deluge,” &c. part of “The Bee’s Funeral,” and all the “Veritable Portrait of a d—d ugly Poet;” to a certain

fat man falling to decay—

in flesh—but not in finances—we are indebted for the humorous squibs and crackers of Guy Faux, and the piquante critique of Zachary Jackson; for “My Snuff Box,” “Gliddon’s Divan,” and one or two other trifles in rhyme, we have to thank—Heaven knows whom—we neither know nor care. These matters make together about fifty pages; the remainder of the seven-hundred and sixty-four, of which the volumes consist, fall upon our own shoulders; be they good or bad the

merit or the blame is alike our own. After our Publisher has deemed fit to dub us "*Author* of "*The Cigar*," we have thought it as well, for the sake of frankness and honesty, to make this avowal: to those who have never read us before it may be tedious; to the Cigarians we fancy it will not be altogether devoid of interest. Our new acquaintance will, doubtless, therefore, be polite enough to indulge us in chatting a little to our old friends in this privileged nook our work.

Those good fellows who somewhat affected "*The Cigar*," may, perchance, be rather disappointed on perusing the present volume; many of them may feel, that there is nothing in it equal to their favourite articles in our former work; if so, we beg to remind them, that we are somewhat restricted in these pages; we cannot travel out of the metropolis—we are bound to keep within the sound of Bow-bells—it would be egregious folly in us to put another Dolf Doppel, or Larry Clynne, or Granny Hag, in a book devoted to the amusements of London after nightfall; here we are, in some measure, tied down to mere matters of fact—in our "*preceding tomes*" we were "*uncurbed, unfettered, unrestrained*;" we could jump in an instant from "*Lud's Town*" to Tipperary—from Africa to Almack's—from the days of the Troubadours to those of Signor Arlequin and his "*co-mates and brothers*" in buffoonery—from the Court of Mab, the fairy queen, to a featherbed manufacturer's warehouse at Wapping.

We state this by way of explanation rather than apology ; for we must be permitted to say, that the volume, for which we are now scribbling a preface on certain sheets of sherry-stained wire-wove, is quite as good in its way as its senior brother : if the latter surpasses its junior in some particulars, the junior excelleth its senior in others. We are not one of those doating literary papas who love the last child of the brain best ; we may be so foolish as to fancy that it has merits, but at the same time we are wise enough to see, and sufficiently candid to admit, that it has many faults.

One paragraph more and our prologue is ended : we have always attempted to be as plain and palpable as possible in the trifling productions of our goose-quill ; and yet surely, though “ much loved of many,” never was author in the world so misrepresented—so misunderstood by some. We have actually been asked what was the meaning of “ Leaves from a Ledger”—whether or not “ Lady Viola’s Nipple” was intended to be laughable or pathetic—and if “ The Friar of Dillow” was not a political satire ! It has been necessary very lately for us to declare, upon honour, and laying our hand upon our heart, that there is no covert treason in “ The Cigar.” To persons of minds akin to those of such querists, we beg leave most respectfully to state, that although all the mottoes to the articles in this work are culled from the rich mental estate of the Warwickshire deer-stealer, we pledge our word

and honour, that our library consisteth of more than one shelf of books, and that we have actually read other works beside those of "the immortal bard of Avon."

London, May 1st. 1827.

EVERY NIGHT BOOK.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrawl. Masters, spread yourselves.

BOTTOM.

WE shall be dull as a Duke at a public dinner until we get out of our alphas, and have gone through those places of amusement in the metropolis, the names of which begin with that literal "capitaine de vingt-quatre soldats, sans qui Paris seroit pris." We therefore entreat our reader to bear with us for a brief space, and hope for better pages. Like the poet of old, we prognosticate, that we shall be

A mirthful man among the merry *bees*.

But to begin. The Adelphi is a very popular, and might be a very pleasant theatre; but to say the truth, although the performers are good, the pieces are so villanously bad, that we detest and abominate it. Notwithstanding the tolerable acting of Yates; the broad humour of Reeves, (who is too broad by half at this theatre, by-the-bye) the bluff burliness of Terry; the capital melodramatism (word-coining is one of our failings) of T. P. Cooke; the sweet-tones, and still pretty face, but rather motherly figure, of Mrs. Fitzwilliam—the only woman we know who has never had her ears pierced; and the easy assurance of Wrench, we positively assert, that we have never passed an agreeable evening at the Adelphi Theatre since it has been under the government of the two heroes of the sock

who now "watch o'er its destinies." The performers, we admit to be, as Sam Swannell says of his cabbages, "very good indeed of their sort;" but the pieces in which they play are, to say the truth, "shocking bad pups of a very middling breed." "The Pilot," for instance, which drew such crowds of commoners to the Adelphi, was one of the most execrable things that ever dramatic editor endured. We had not read the novel when we first saw this disfigured bantling of Mr. Somebody's scissors, paste, and "beautiful brain;" and, by the mass, it was worse to us than the most difficult of Euclid's problems on the other side of the pons asinorum; it completely mystified us—we could not discover what the deuce it all meant—it was a sphinx—a gordian knot—that defied the extreme stretch of our ingenuity to solve or unravel. When we subsequently read the novel of "The Pilot," we were struck all of a heap; the novel is quite dramatic—the drama quite the reverse. We cannot imagine where the author's brains were when he brewed "this unpalatable beverage." Had he lent them to a friend, or left them with other property at his last lodgings in Grub Street, or elsewhere—or lost them in a hackney coach, or what? He gives "the lie direct" to his original in sundry points of the most essential importance. He makes Tom Coffin a driveller in one scene and a Drawcansir in another. Barrowcliff—that "veritable portraicture" of a certain class of military men in this country—that truly-English regimental bon-vivant—he has the audacity to transform into a disgusting, vulgar "genu-ine Yankee Riglar," and puts such stuff into his mouth, as never annoyed the ear of mortal before; he reverses the nationality of the characters—makes the English Americans, and the Americans English—deducts all the interest from the plot of the story, and leaves nothing but heavy and tiresome details.

So much for "The Pilot:" "The Flying Dutchman," though not upon a par, is in few particulars superior to it. The acting of the performers is excel-

lent. How they make so much of so little would be to us a miracle, were we not a cook, and knew what a dainty dish may be made by a judicious practitioner of a dry carp, or a juiceless callop of half-starved turtle. The interludes, or entremets, and some of the after-pieces at this theatre, are well enough; but one cannot dine upon a toasted wheat-ear, nor make a meal upon the most capital custard that ever was set upon a table; neither can we feel satisfied with an evening's entertainment on "Number"—something—we forget what—"John Street, Adelphi;" "Quadrupeds;" or poor Tom Rodwell's tolerably agreeable "Young Widow." We want a good substantial first course to assuage our mental appetite; this, "The Pilot" and "The Flying Dutchman," albeit, they may please the multitude, can never afford us. The Adelphi is not a theatre for melodramas—it has not "ample room and verge enough" for spectacles—it is like the frog in the fable, which inflated its pigmy hide, in hopes of emulating the bull, until it made itself ridiculous. "The Schooner Ariel in a storm," was one of the most laughable farces we ever saw on this or any other stage. The ship of "The Flying Dutchman"—but why should we continue in this vein? It is doubtless wrong in us to blame the proprietors for producing such pieces; like the steeds of the co-kings of Cambria, in an unpublished translation of a Welch epic,

Though bad, they draw—and that's enough for them.

A coalheaver's two shillings are quite as valuable to Messrs. Terry and Yates as a critic's, and four clear-starchers in the gallery cut as good a figure in the treasury accounts as one countess in the boxes. If their pieces do not please men of taste they hit the palate of the multitude. Were they to get up superior dramas, they would mystify and drive away the many—their benches would soon be occupied only by the select few—"a consummation most devoutly to be"—feared

ARGYLE ROOMS.

Here is like to be a good presence of worthies.

FERDINAND, KING OF NAVARRE

THE man who can write a smart and lively article under this head, we will admit to be a cleverer fellow than ourself. The amusements at the west end of the town are, for the most part, stately and soporific; there is very little fun in fashionable society; the haut ton lacks humour. We shall despatch the Argyle Rooms in a very few paragraphs, and pass on to scenes of minor notoriety but less languor.

Masquerades and concerts frequently take place within these walls; the former are generally dull, as indeed all masquerades are now-a-days in this country (some of them are even disgusting)—the latter are not half so agreeable as we could wish. They are well attended; but the singers never please us so much here as elsewhere—they seem to take infection from the audience, and become almost as apathetic as those who listen to them.

ALMACK'S.

Past ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be time.
PAROLIES.

THE frivolity, the cold-hearted selfishness, and contemptible arrogance of those who are first among the fashionables, have lately been laid bare, and exposed to the gaze of the world more efficiently than ever, by a satirical novelist, who has evidently moved in the same circle as those—many of them are her very dear friends, perhaps—whom she has so severely and so pleasantly

lashed. So many of the secret manoeuvres of the gang of dowager duchesses, their stylish young-matronly associates, and maiden daughters, have been let out by the tittle-tattle in this work, that we should imagine, some of the "boldest of the band"—and truly your out-and-out woman of rank and fashion is one of the most daring creatures on earth—must have winced at its perusal. It is true that their titles are not mentioned; but the frailties and follies of each party arraigned are so well set forth in this bon-ton indictment, that in several instances, although the fair culprit may plead a misnomer, she cannot deny her identity, for it is too evident; and the lash of the literary beadle is just as severe and opprobrious upon whom she is operating, as though the delinquent were suffering under her proper appellative. It matters not a jot to John Nokes, when going through the form of a cat-o'-nine-tails indorsement at the cart's tail, whether or not he is called by that or any other name in the warrant for his castigation—he feels the disgrace and smart of his "relative position" quite as keenly; for his offences and person are so well described by "the confounded press," that his friends in "town and country" will recognize both to be his own—so it is with the ladies delineated in the new novel.

The balls at Almack's are only open to the privileged mob: as a stigma is cast upon those who cannot "pass the rubicon" of their "high mightinesses'" scrutiny, if any difficulty is apprehended by the applicant, intrigue upon intrigue is set moving to put away the impediment. The five or six first-rate women of fashion who compose the executive of Willis's rooms, rule with despotic sway over the titled triflers of the west end. "The system," says his lordship of Glenmore in "Almack's," "is altogether the most unnatural coalition that ever existed in any society. A set of foolish women cabaling together to keep the rest of the world in trammels, who have no kind of right to do so but what they chose to arrogate to themselves, is a very

curious state of things certainly ; but that they should have found hundreds of independent people silly enough to bend to their yoke is the most extraordinary part of the story."

In order to gain admission to Almack's, it is necessary to apply to one of the ladies patronesses ; at the next meeting of the high and mighty hen-club the applicant is tried by the code of bon-ton, and accepted or rejected according to the fashion, not the merit of his deeds. Intrigue, however, does wonders here, as well as elsewhere ; and the names of many who ought, by the doctrines of its directresses, to be entered in the basket marked " Almack's rejected," are smuggled among the happy " accepted."

ASTLEY'S.

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

THIS is the only theatre in town where equestrian exercises are to be seen in perfection ; the performances in the ring are generally excellent—those on the stage frequently wretched : the company, with one or two exceptions, is poor indeed. Herring is a man of some talent, both as a comic singer and a comic actor ; we like his Irishmen quite as well as Fitzwilliam's : another gentleman, whose name has escaped our memory—judging from the manner in which he personated Napoleon Buonaparte—seems to be possessed of considerable judgment : Mrs. Pope is an actress of no ordinary merits ; her enunciation is good, and her deportment lady-like ; she is evidently possessed of much dramatic power, and it is strange to us that she has so long pined at a minor ; many of the ladies who receive high salaries at the great theatres are very inferior to her in merit—we should be glad to see her translated—in

her present situation her talents are rarely called into action, and when they are, the spectators do not sufficiently appreciate them. People do not care about fine acting at Astley's; the horses are esteemed to be the principal performers, and if they do their parts well, the whole house—"pit, boxes, and gallery, egad"—is content.

The husband of the lady we have just mentioned—"a mighty stately being"—is one of the actors at this theatre; he is about as much below, as she is above the meridian of the Thespian art. He is known behind the scenes by the "style and title" of "Pope the Pope," and "Pope Pandulph." We have been told, that some time ago, it was his boast to say, that he had never in his life played any characters but kings, except, indeed, a cardinal on one or two occasions of emergency! Every body, except Mr. P., that is at all acquainted with theatricals, knows that any stick will do for a king.

Ducrow, one of the proprietors of this house, is quite a prodigy: he rides three or four horses at a time, and manages them with greater ease, than many other equestrians whom we have seen can controul one. His story of a sailor's adventures, which he produced, we believe for the first time, during the past summer, was a most extraordinary and very clever performance. He begins with a merry-making, on a lad of the ocean's taking leave of his friends; he then depicts the parting-scene between the youth and his sweetheart—the meeting with his ship-mates—the occupation of a sailor

While ploughing cheerfully the liquid main—

the bustle of the ship during a storm—the horrors of a wreck—the struggles of a "strong swimmer" when fighting with the waves for life—his exhaustion on reaching the shore—and a happy return to his sweetheart and his friends. All this is done in pantomime on the back of a horse, and the story is made as pal-

pable as though it were written by a poet and recited by a Smart or a Young. Ducrow is indeed an artist of the first rank in his walk—ride we should say—his courage, skill, and activity, when careering round the circle, and his method of educating his horses, place him far above any other equestrian of his day. His own performances are the most attractive portion of the evening entertainments at this théâtre; he is popular with all classes—"ladies of high degree and low-born lassies"—nobs from the West, and "burgomasters and great moneyers" from the East; like the elder Grimaldi, he is at once beloved by boys and admired by men. One of his horses—a short-tailed bay—is a beautiful creature—"a beast for Perseus; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness when his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse."

We do not much admire the spotted Hanoverians, the pye-balds, or the roans; they are certainly very showy, but they do not possess the beauty of form—the visible high-breeding—of some of the English steeds which Mr. Ducrow possesses. They are heavy-headed beasts, and many of them have tail pieces tacked to their stumps, which sit awkwardly, and do not always match. They are more splendid in a spectacle; but, notwithstanding their tractability, unequal in the ring to that "prince of palfreys," the horse of this country.

On the whole, we are inclined to be an advocate for Astley's—it is more cool and comfortable in the evenings of August than any other summer theatre; the horse-pieces are got up with considerable taste, and by the judicious display of the proprietors' stud, are rendered very effective; most of the performers are certainly "sad tools"—but the cattle are excellent, though the acting is bad—and acting, as we have before said, is a minor matter here—the riding is capital; the exploits of Ducrow are as surprising as those of Mr. Widdicomb are contemptible.

BATHS.

I have been into the Thames.

FALSTAFF.

BATHING is a beautiful delight in boyhood ; but since our lip has been regularly lathered—since time has written man upon our brow, we must confess that bathing has lost its charms. At no period of our life have we loved bathing in a penthouse. Give us the broad bosom of the blue sea, with five fathom of water beneath us, and we think we could, even now, ride our half a dozen knots “ buoyantly, triumphantly ” as that brave bark, of which Wordsworth has somewhere written. But Dan Sirius himself would never drive us to wallow in those polluted puddles, which are misnamed Baths by their proprietors, in and about the metropolis. Some of them are impure, filthy stews, and emit most villanous smells. We would as soon, nay much rather, have a joint-stock wash-hand bason and water than dabble in the same bath with a multitude. It is said, that the liquid is constantly running off and running on ; but the *exports* are so slender, and the *imports* so ditto, that no change in the body of water is effected : one scabby sheep infects the flock, and one gallon of the foul—that is the used—element, to our imagination, would make a hundred filthy.

Swimming in a bath is quite a farce. To swim in the Medway—in the mouth, or the huge gullet of the Thames, is rather a pleasant manly sort of an exercise—salubrious, no doubt, and pretty stiff work, if you stick to it ; but to see some score or so of human animals, struggling to float upon a few feet of imprisoned water, is a mighty contemptible spectacle to any but a cockney *gherkin* ; it always reminds us of so many flies in a slop-bason.

No one, who is not green as a cucumber, will attempt to learn to swim by corks. We never knew a good swimmer yet, who had used them in his probation. Where is the old woman who will tell us to our head—us, the father of four fellows of five feet ten (little more or less), that a go-cart is an orthodox utensil of the nursery? Or where is the swimmer who will avouch, that any incipient Leander ever used corks? “There’s no such man.”—By-the-bye, Lord Byron made a tremendous fuss about his crossing the Hellespont. To clear such a gut of the sea, when Neptune is quarrelling with Amphitrite, his rib, may certainly be a feat worthy of record; but to swim such a distance in strong water, when the old blade’s brow is unwrinkled as young Diana’s dairy, is just about as great an exploit as for any given Tims or Tomkins extant to walk from Whitehall to Whitechapel. Byron was a very fair swimmer for a lord, as lords went in the days of his youth; but as a mere swimmer, he was “a fellow of no account, not worth a lady’s eye.” Lords are different creatures now-a-days to what they were when the moody Childe was just bubbling out of his boyhood;—they cultivate the growth of muscle, pride themselves on a marked arm, rejoice in the display of thews and sinews, and are, in fact, many of them, tightish fellows to tackle. We could pick out a round dozen from the aristocracy of the land, who would beat Byron at sea by knots! Polkinghorne, the Cornish wrestler, and Tom Spring, the ex-champion, would find awkward customers in many a modern “most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse.”

Mais, reverons à nos moutons. The Baths, even as schools, are bad; but if our dearly-beloveds will frequent them, for the sake of safety during their noviciate in the art, let them, by all means, betake themselves to the great waters as soon as it is completed; or as soon rather as they fancy it is completed, for they may depend that they will never emerge from the Bath as swimmers. No man can be said to swim who knows,

that while frogging across twelve feet of innocent water, he can at any time touch the bottom with his foot. It is the heart that floats the body ; courage and confidence enable us to cleave our way through the waters ; in the Bath you will acquire neither : you may master the mechanical part of swimming, but nothing more. Let any hero of the Peerless Pool leap from the pier at Ramsgate " upon a raw and gusty day," and we warrant he will find his finicking airs and graces of marvellous little use. The dreadful certainty that he cannot place his cheek upon the billow's brow, and at the same time tickle the sea's broad bottom with his great toe, will liquify his courage pretty considerably. The blood in his heart will be weak as water-gruel—his arms and legs will quiver in, rather than buffet, the waves, and the hero, in default of a rope, will speedily be pickled for the fishes.

A bathing machine was ever our abomination. If we could not go out from the rocks, we always took a boat and went into deep water. To the swimmer, who " loves to lave his limbs at eventide," and is " cribbed, cabined, and confined" to " the city's din" during the bathing season, we recommend a plunge from a wherry into the Thames by moonlight. It is decent, and pleasant as a fresh water bath can be. But, for heaven's sake, young gentleman, if you cannot swim, or " swim but middling," gird the boat's painter about your loins, and stick to the banks. We would not have the sin of collateral drowning upon our souls ! Beware, therefore, we repeat. There are holes in the Thames ; and, to adopt an Irishism, a man is not a duck or a dory. If you cannot be a Triton, content yourself with being a minnow ; wag your fins in the New River, and hope for better days. Note this : Do not go out of your depth, unless you have available assistance at hand in case you should funk. When a lad finds himself unexpectedly out of his depth, that is, if he cannot touch the bottom when he expects it to be within his reach, he is frequently overcome by terror, becomes flurried, strikes quick, loses his wind, ships water, and drowns

himself. When you leave the shallow, make up your mind that you are going into deep water ; be cool—be steady—strike slow—do not be alarmed at the wave kissing your lips—keep as much as possible of your head under the surface, rising only at every stroke to fill your lungs with fresh air, and you will discover that you can swim with ease.

Poor F —— ! (Bear with us, gentle reader, for a moment.) He was a youth of eighteen, or thereabouts, and loved the water, as learners usually do. On a fine summer morning, while walking with his cousin, in Essex, he undressed and leaped into an unknown pond. It looked shallow—he found it deep. He could swim a little ; but horror-struck at finding himself, contrary to his expectation, in deep water, he threw away his strength—the indescribable shriek of drowning agony soon gurgled on his lips. The cousin (a youth of his own-age, and no swimmer), heedless of peril, rushed in to help his relative. The struggling victim grasped, and writhed about the brave boy who would fain have saved him : in the convulsive strife of death among the waters they twined and knit their limbs together—both sunk. Four hours after, the father of one of the youths by accident approached the pond. The water-flies were skimming over its surface, the cattle were drinking from its banks, and the frogs basking in its shallows ;—but above its dark and still depths floated the hat of his beloved—his only boy !—The clothes of his nephew lay beneath the willow. His misery was manifest. The bodies were so fast locked that it was impossible to part them :—they had one shroud, one coffin, one grave !

There are many cold Baths about London. The Peerless Pool is situate in the City Road ; Waterloo Floating Bath is off the Strand Bridge ; there is a Thames-water Bath near the Coburg Theatre, in the building formerly used for the exhibition of the ancient vessel found in the Rother ; and we remember having seen a bathing house in the Camberwell Road. Besides these, there are others ; but jam satis.—For a warm Bath, we refer the reader to the Hummums or Leicester Square.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

What mask? What music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

THESEUS.

ELIA says in one of his papers, that he can freely part with pheasant, partridge, heath cock, or haunch; but he makes his stand upon a roasting pig; *parvis componere magna*—it is so with us, in respect of several metropolitan amusements and the great London gewgaw of September. We can and do refrain from visiting many of “the lions;” but we make our stand upon Bartlemy. We could not quietly pursue “the even tenor of our way” during the year did we not visit, and sojourn for a sufficient time to see the drolls and antics at London’s one great fair. Dost thou think, oh! thou fastidious lector, that there is nothing worthy thine optics at Bartlemy? You are mistaken, my man; and if you will but read what we shall set down on this matter, we will engage, that in the beginning of next September, provided you are not popping at the partridges, racket-playing in limbo, or &c. you will at least have an itching, to pass an hour within the jurisdiction of the Smithfield Court of Pie-poudre.

With us there is no choice of shows at Bartlemy, we see them all;—the wild beasts and those wierd sisters, the Albinesses; “The Emperor of all Conjurers;” the pantomime and the pig of knowledge, if he happen to be there; Big Harry, that coward colossus, and the dwarf’s infant, who nestles in the large shoe of his father’s co-partner; the calf with two legs, and the lady with none; the equestrians and the giantesses; black women and white; *bonâ fide* Esquimaux, and forged wild Indians:—there is not a droll or a doldrum in the fair of which we do not endeavour to obtain a glimpse.

But we have our favourites : first and foremost stand the giantesses—they know us, many of them do, and we have run some risk of being extinguished in the large embrace of one of them, who fancied, perhaps from our visiting the booth three times in one night—by pure accident we profess—that we were somewhat smitten with her.—Why does not H —, or P —, or some other of “the gentle king-cups of the land,” who seem to stick at nothing to obtain notoriety, soar above the beaten track of their compeers, and take an ogress into keeping? They have done more foolish things in their day—but vamos.

Didst thou ever, dearly beloved reader, and fellow-visitant to Bartlemy, didst thou ever behold a black dancing girl at one of the minor shows at Smithfield? *We* saw her but for a moment, and it was many, many years ago; but that fine female image of breathing ebony, hath never passed away from the chambers of our brain. There she stands, statue-like and melancholy as when we beheld her in the flesh—beautiful in her darkness—apparently proud of her dingy brow—a living carcanet. She lacked the usual gloss of cutaneous swarthiness; her arched brows cast no shadow upon her cheek—it was black as midnight. Her lips alone partook—and that but slightly—of the northern hue; the jet and ruby seemed to struggle there for dominion;—they were as rose-buds seen at twilight—her heart’s blood just blushed in them to claim kith with the great crimson tide of humanity.

As a companion-sketch to that speak—that beautiful swart mole upon the fair face of nature, upon whom we have just indulged in a little prose-run-mad, we select the white negress. Our black beauty was a paragon—the white girl, with Hottentot features, is a paradox—an absurdity at which, at the first glance, you are about to laugh, but in a moment you repress yourself; you feel astonished and hurt, and your feelings, whatever may be your complexion, are wounded. She would have been ugly if black—the unnatural fairness

of her skin renders her doubly so; it is painful to look upon her; she is one of the most hideous of nature's vagaries—a breathing riddle that defies solution. If Scott had imagined such a being—had his mind given birth to a creature with the skull of a negress and a cheek that might rival in whiteness the milky brow of the fairest maiden in Norway—standing alone—an outcast from the two great families of man—rejected by the white, and disowned by the black—thick-lipped, negro-nosed, and with hair like the wool of the lamb:—had he endowed such a creature with sense to feel what she was;—had all this been done with the northern wizard's usual power, Caliban, perhaps, would no longer have stood alone.

The next human curiosity that flits up to our mind's eye is one of the fair Albinesses—the best-looking of them, we mean—not the lady (how singular it seems to call a female with hair as white as the fur, and eyes as red as those of “a Portugal rabbit,” a lady)—not she who displayed herself in the same booth with the white negress—but another, “the fair Circassian, with the silver hair,” who kept company with “the wild Indian, from the Malay Islands, in the East.” Our amusing and industrious friend, Hone, in his visit to Bartholomew fair, which he professed to write to delight the future, rather than amuse the present generation, very culpably—he will pardon us—very culpably omits this, the most dainty specimen in the museum of living things to which she belongs. Instead of being profuse on such matter-of-fact beings as the little lady, whose name is Lydia Walpole, a native of Addescombe, near Yarmouth, and is sociable, agreeable, and intelligent; or devoting three or four sentences to the two hideous Malays, whose acquirements in the English language amounted to the utterance of “drop o’ rum;” he ought to have luxuriated throughout a full page on the Circassian. Mr. Hone wrote his account of the fair for posterity. Now it is tolerably certain that a century hence there will exist Malays who can say nothing in the world but “drop o’

rum: it is more than probable, that our great grandsons will have an opportunity of beholding "a pretty, well-behaved, and well-informed young lady," weighing sixteen stones, and only twelve years old, although her father may not be "a bargeman at Brentford;" there will be Persian giants in the year 2000; but who can promise that the race of the ruby-eyed and silver-haired woman will not be extinct? Is there a man to match her in the world? How can her strange features be perpetuated in all their purity without some alloy—some dash of the ordinary matter whereof more common forms are compounded? We would rather have read the history of the fair Circassian, or simply known the place of her birth—the complexion and country of her parentage—than heard a thousand narratives of such every-day people as Lydia Walpole the little lady, or Miss Hipson of Brentford, who is "rather corpulent of her age." Mr. Hone will doubtless excuse us, for hinting that he has done himself the injury of passing over with a couple of lines a subject on which his pen might have been pleasantly occupied for a page; or, to put it in another shape, that, contrary to his usual tasteful display, when culling for his bouquet from Bartlemy, he has chosen and given conspicuous stations to most of its weeds, and neglected its fairest flower. We do not like to see a lily lost, or a rose-bud extinguished by cabbages.

For female dwarfs we have no liking—they are, for the most part, ugly; they lack symmetry. Little men are usually better-fashioned. They amuse by their pomposity. The wee body, who strutted about the booth with the white negress, in a military coat and jockey boots, will not be easily forgotten by those who saw him. His head was small, his legs thin, and his breast and belly out-jutting and portly; he might be doubled up, heel to point, and, like the dwarf of old, squeezed into the circumference of a pie-dish. L. would call him a pigeon in breeches.

Some years ago, in the vicinity of Smithfield, during

the fair, we saw one of the most singular human beings that dame Nature, in her wildest whims, ever fashioned. His bill, or placard, is now lying before us: it is headed with a whole-length portrait—a wood-cut of this *lusus naturæ*—and this is what he says of himself:—"Among the numerous wonderful curiosities which have been exhibited for many years past, none have been so curious and striking, as that now exhibiting to the British public. It is a young man, twenty-eight years of age, whose skin is covered with scales of a substance similar to horn; but his face, the palms of his hands, and his feet, are smooth, like those of other men. In some parts the scales are about half an inch long, and so hard and firm, that when ruffled by the touch of a finger, they rattle like little stones beat together. The scales on the chest are short and round, like those on the shagreen skin; but on the arms, they unite with each other, like the bristles of the hedgehog. The most remarkable singularity in this strange family is, that the great grandfather was a North-American savage, and that this peculiarity descends only from father to son, that is to say, the females are exempt from it." The placard was no lying chronicle; the man was as he described himself; the scales on his skin were something similar to the rough substance on the inside of a horse's leg; they came off, without pain, in pieces as large as small peas.

Yorkshire giantesses, Welsh dwarfs, Highland youths, conjurers, learned horses, the well-educated pig, and the other cheap visions of Bartlemy, we pass here—albeit, we rarely do so in the fair—and struggle through the increasing crowd to Richardson's booth. Many a maiden slavey, who now walks to and fro here, in anxious expectation for the moment when the interior will vomit forth its motley contents—many a pretty lass, who still retains the roses, though now somewhat faded, which flourished in her cheeks when she came from the country in the spring, though she may wear no rue in her bonnet, will lack heart's-ease within for the work of this night. "Men were deceivers ever," and the

women know it; but it is their nature to dare danger and tempt temptation. The Romeos at Richardson's are, or were, played by a gentleman with one eye; he contrives, however, to conceal this defect, not by covering the part with an apparently stray-lock, "as some of our ladies do," but by rarely suffering the spectators to get the blind side of him. You are welcome to a view of his profile; but he must look sharp who wishes to obtain a glimpse of his full face. The performances usually consist of the most comical tragedies and lachrymose pantomimes: but they are good specimens of one and the other, and therefore do we visit them. In fact, there is not a Jack Pudding in the fair, on the night of our visit, to whom we do not pay the honour of a gaze. Here we are at the fountain-head of tom-foolery—let us drink deep, or taste not. From Richardson's we roam to the Equestrians, and enjoy the agility of the brown wench, who foots it so featly on her docile palfrey—the coarse, palpable humour of her clownish attendant, and the interest which their performances excite in the bosom of many of our fellow-spectators. We set out with an intention to see the fair, all the fair, and nothing but the fair; let our reader pick his own pockets in his parlour, sally forth with nothing prig-able about him but a small assortment of tizzies and browns—come-at-able at a moment's notice, but still well-secured,—enter the fair at nightfall—not alone—but in the society of some fidus Achates, with views similar to our own, and we warrant him a vast deal of squeezing and much entertainment.

"Keep it up" is very frequently in the mouths of many of the young blades who go to Bartlemy; in this they are wrong: the word "spero" was painted as a motto to a pope-joan board; at the suggestion of a friend of ours it was altered to "cave;" and we would humbly propose, as a substitute for the phrase at the commencement of this sentence, "BE QUIET." If kicking up a row be your object in going to the fair, from the humours of which the mind of Ben Jonson

sucked matter for a comedy, we beseech you drop our acquaintance directly—we shall not suit you. You may look at a lark here or elsewhere and welcome; but, note this: be a spectator, and not an actor. At the place now under notice, there is much rational as well as roystering recreation to be had. For our own part, the specimens of man exhibited here seem really interesting: we would much rather see them than a grave professor's collection of dead moths; or stroll among the caged inhabitants of the forest and the desert at Wombwell's, than lounge through a museum of fossils.

Never become a party concerned in a row. Be a gentleman, even at Bartlemy. See all, but "be quiet." Do not meddle unnecessarily with mischief. Eschew all street quarrels—avoid the clutch of a Charley—come not under watchhouse law, if you can possibly avoid it: life after dark may be seen and known in safety: in following us, therefore, don't—pray don't—make a fool of yourself.

We have scarcely said a word about the beasts—Wallace or Nero, the dog-conquered and the dog-conquering;—that "wonderful phenomenon in nature," the lion-husband and tigress-wife;—the horny aurochos; that young giant, the infant elephant;—the grenadier of the wilderness, the fleet ostrich;—the bag-billed pelican, much-loved of heralds;—Wombwell's living lie to our old naturalists, the beautiful nondescript, betwixt his fine Polar dog and Alpine wolf; the mischievous monkies, who pass their days in pulling the tail of their fellow-prisoner, a good-humoured little dog, and threatening by their grimaces to snap his nose off if he attempt, for a moment, to resent their grave frolics:—all these, with their companions, we must pass over thus briefly, and come to a conclusion. Were we to dwell upon them they would seduce us from the tropics to the pole: the gold and silver pheasants would take us to China and Peru; the condor bear us away to South America; and the scarlet and buff macaw lead us—Lord knows where.

BAGNIGGE WELLS.

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall
have my music for nothing.

STEPHANO.

MANY years ago, an author, in describing a summer Sunday in London, thus alludes to this old place of plebeian entertainment :—

The cits to Bagnigge Wells repair,
To swallow dust, and call it air.

It has now, in some measure, changed its character—being the evening resort of numbers of the half-and-half young people in its vicinity. The proprietor administers large doses of music gratis to his customers ; and thus, by tickling at once the palates and the ears of the juveniles, contrives to draw a considerable number of guests to his house. The music is vocal as well as instrumental, and professional persons are engaged to conduct the concerts. You go in free, call for what you think proper, and are ever and anon indulged, while sipping your grog, or tipping your burton, with a piece from the works of Handel, Arne, or Mozart, on the organ,—a song,—a catch,—or a recitation. We do not much admire these tap-tub concerts, and therefore do not very earnestly recommend our reader to explore his way to Bagnigge Wells. If, however, he happen to be in the neighbourhood, which is not probable, for it lies in the very Van Diemen's land of the metropolis, that is to say, behind Battle-bridge and Gray's Inn Lane Road, he may do worse than take his tumbler of toddy, and snatch a glance at one of the amusements of the apprentice order of cockneys at Bagnigge Wells.

BELCHER'S.

Give him blows,
And take his bottle from him.

CALIBAN.

HERE we are at the Castle Tavern, Holborn. That slim, asthmatic, small-featured, respectable-looking man in the blue coat, drab breeches, and jockey boots, is the celebrated master of muffles—the brave, though beaten antagonist of Dutch Sam—the brother of Jem—the great Tom Belcher! There he sits, husky as an old apple-woman, cursing the tobacco smoke, and looking as if you or we could lick him in half-a-dozen rounds. That thick-set swarthy man, in a similar dress by his side, was one of the first patrons and backers of the most slashing fighter of his day—Hickman, commonly called Gas. Look at old Bitton, yonder—the stout-bodied fellow with marvellous lean hams—endeavouring to insinuate a benefit ticket into the young gentleman in black, a palpable stranger at the Castle. Hark! didn't you hear a laugh—a singular, wild, joyous chuckle—an unearthly ha! ha? Cast your eye towards Richmond, with his black bald sconce and bandy leg; his thick lips are yet unclosed: 'twas he who laughed at one of the dry jokes of Sewers. Sewers is the dark man at the corner of the table, who looks like a thick fellow of five feet ten squeezed down to four feet eight. The small-headed, broad-shouldered young giant by your side is Peter Crawley, who lately whopped the phenomenon Ward. Yonder is poor Kenrick the black, whom Dick Acton served out so saucily at Moulsey: the lad on his left is little Stockman; and that broad-framed, washy-faced, squeezy-eyed, poor-looking devil, at his dexter elbow, is Jack Scroggins—the once terrific, slaughtering Jack Scroggins—now a mere mountebank

with the muffles. Tom Belcher had a turn up with Jack not many years ago, in which the tremendous Scroggins was tidily tied up by the tactics of Tom. There was a song written on the subject, of which we only remember the following lines :

Tommy's yet in prime, and even when half groggy,
Did, in fairish time, snuff out the lights of Scroggy.

In sober truth, Jack's daylights were most dismally darkened by Tom—but of this, enough. Do you know that gentleman with the large leg and brown wig, who has just entered, and to whom such respect is paid? That is Jackson, the head of the pugilists—the commander-in-chief. The elegant young fellow opposite, who is poring over Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, is the gentleman who wrote, *The Remains of Peter Corcoran*, late of Gray's Inn, Student at Law. He has dropped the paper; hand it this way; look—here is a piece of rhyme scribbled in the margin; by the inkstate of his digits, we suspect that our dear soi-disant Corcoran is the author of it. Yea! by the blue bird's eye of Belcher, these are the characters of the pugilistic young poet. Let us read.

An Invocatory Sonnet.

TO A SHEEP'S HEAD.

Hear us, great James—thou poetry of mutton!
Delicious profile of the beast that bleats—
Rich excellence of culinary treats—
Thou Autocrat of eatables! Oh, put on
Thy most alluring sav'ry form and grace!
To-night—ambrosia of the gentle glutton—
Even now, let us behold thy demi-face—
Or rather, thy whole glowing caput on
Our festive board; and, by blue max! we'll robe us
In the bright garb of joy. Hear us, Jacobus!
Where thou art hissing in some erock! Hear us—
For thou hast ears, and eke an ogle too;
Lo! we have heavy wet in pewter near us,
And, meet companion for thee, ruin blue!

Vivat Jacobus.—We perceive you are earnestly looking at that pug-nosed, flat-faced, thick-lipped white

negro in the corner : in him you behold Ned Baldwin, alias white-headed Bob—out of whom Ned O'Neal took the shine heretofore at the Hurst. He has since beaten the elegant sparrer, but rather poor fighter, George Cooper; and very lately succumbed to the prowess of the promising Jem Burns.

Here comes Frosty-faced Fogo. Behind him trips that elegant boxer, Bill Eales, one of the neatest sparrers in England. The man to whom he first nodded is George Head, in the opinion of many persons the best muffle-master, or teacher of pugilistic tactics, in town. George has the air of a man who has been a prodigal life; he looks as though he had been in the habit of spending two years of nature's allowance in one. He is indeed no hoarder of health; but his spirits are as good as those of the youth opposite him, on whose lip the young down of juvenitude has just dawned: what does *he* do here?—The hum increases: it is nearly ten o'clock; and the backers for the next fight are putting the bustle in Belcher's hands. This is the night for the second deposit. A smile sits upon every one's cheek, that no default has been made. The toast is given out—the toast that all will drink—"May the best man win!"—Bumpers are tossed off, and betting begins. While all around are busy in their vocation, let us take a glance at the walls of the room. We have laughed with the living—it is time we should pay due notice to the dead. On the right hand, as you enter from the passage, is the picture of Jem Belcher—a name most dear to pugilists. Liverpool prides herself on Roscoe; Bristol rejoiced in her Belcher, and garlanded the dun turrets of her head with wreaths of deeper vapour when he died. As a fighting city, Bristol has lately "fallen from her high estate." Bill Neate planted no additional laurel on her brow by overpowering—yes, that's the word—by overpowering Hickman. The body of Gas was no match for that of the butcher; but his heart was as big

as three of Bill's; and when Spring beat the hero of the yellow Avon, the chaplets of victory, which Hen Pearce, and Gully, and Cribb, and JEM THE GREAT, had thrown around Bristolia, were withered and forgotten.

For that sketch on the opposite wall, round which three or four persons are laughing so heartily, we are indebted to the burin of our young Hogarth—George Cruikshank, the matchless, delightful Cruikshank. We have laughed, until laughter hath become a pain to us, at his productions; and in gratitude for the jocund moments his pencil hath afforded us, we would, an' we could, even take a wrinkle from his brow, and place it on our own. This is saying much; for we profess to "prize black eyes" as much as ever Sir John Suckling did, and are still somewhat anxious of being looked lovingly upon by the women—What a din! And listen—amid the clanging of empty pewters, the jingling of spoons and glasses, the chorus of betters, the clamour of score-payers, and the bustle of the departing—listen to the unheeded song which ever and anon gushes up above the din. Do you not catch the words occasionally? Tom Belcher is the hero of the rhymes. Now we hear them plainer.

Many milling coves, when they've shipped their bingo,
Gab of flooring Tom, and tip him bouncing lingo!

It is part of the triumphal hymn on the larrupping of Scroggins, of which we gave you a verse, on pointing out that worthy to your notice half an hour ago. It floats above the current again. Hark!

Tom's the Castle knight; though his pipes are panky,
He can drub a dab, and tip him "Massa tankee."
Heigh! for slashing Tom! all join in the chorus,
If you're Bristol blades,—we wop the world before us.

Let us return to the walls, for the smoke will soon be too thick to allow us more than a dim and hazy view of

their sporting embellishments. "Aha! Mynheer Von Shrimptz—a word or two about you though first." This quiet-looking old gentleman, with brown wig, little basket, and white apron, picks up the pence necessary for his maintenance by selling pennyworths of shrimps to the guests at the different sporting houses. Mynheer Von Shrimptz is not a foreigner, nor is that his name, but merely a title which our brain conferred upon him, in one of its baptismal vagaries, on account of his calling. One digression more, and then——A benefit bill is stuck up above the mantel-shelf. Let us have a look at it. Lo! it bears the name of the before-mentioned Frosty-faced Fogo, who here styles himself successor to the big Bob Gregson—the Doctor Southey of the prize ring (the champion; as king of pugilists; ought to allow his laureate an annual butt of Meux's); and in support of his claim to the title, exhibits four lines of poetry at the foot of his bill. We will deal with them anon. The benefit, it seems, is to be taken at Howard's Coffee-house, St. James's Place, Aldgate; Peter Crawley has promised to bed his mawley in a muffle, for the hoary-visag'd bard; and the black diamond, Jem Ward, though recently defeated, will be cheerful, and set-to on the occasion with any man in the world. Could Achilles, Ajax, or "the King of men" himself, have done more for Homer, had the great father of epics been breathing in their day? We think not. The rhymes of the laureate run thus:

**Oh! Voelker! pride of Germany, and you, Professor Hamon,
Your ladders, horses, leaping-bars, to me are merely gammon;
The tight-roped ring, the high-low shoes, the bird's-eye, and
 elastics.—**

Oh! one moment's gaze at these is worth an age of your gymnastics.

I'faith, Fogo, we agree with thee.—Now look at those splendid specimens of ornithology with which the walls are bedecked. Look at them—and while you gaze on those inanimate forms of beautiful birds, suffer your

mind to wander with us to their abiding places when alive and on the wing. Let us roam to the land of the mist—the mountain-glen and the torrent—to those regions where the heath bows and trembles beneath the weight of its snowy coronal—where the black cock whurrs over the waste, and that pride of the creation, the magnificent wild deer, after having scattered with his hoof the dew from the foxglove in the thicket, which encircles the base of the farthestmost mountain—the mountain far, far away, at the very bourne of your vision, rising like a mist in the distant horizon ; after having slaked his thirst at the fountain from which yonder fearful cataract springs, up—up on the hills, aloof from mortal eye, within a few moments' flight from the eagle's eyrie, among the rocks which are often capped by the thunder-cloud ; after having startled the cub of the crag-fox in his flight, and banqueted on the herbage of the far-distant valley ; after traversing leagues—rivalling the flight of the falcon in his course—since day-break—now sinks down to repose, in the pride of his freedom, near to the heathcock, among the fern and the heather of the moor—

“ Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
 Magnificent prison, inclosing the free ;
 With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd,
 Which—awoke by the sun—thou canst clear at a bound.”

From these creatures of “ the wonderful and the wild,” let us travel, with that splendid pheasant in our memory, to the copse where the bunches of brown nuts linger unplucked on the hazel ; where the modest rivulet, with maiden coyness, “ wimpling through hazy shaw and broomy glen,” seems to avoid the gaze of man ; to the wood-pond, where that self-taught mason, the blackbird, works up the loamy lining for her nest in the brier or the ivy ; where the squirrel leaps from tree to tree, flying from the twig to alight on the tendril, and seeming more like “ some gay creature of the element” than a four-footed animal—or at least an apocry-

phal creation, between the birds of the air and the beasts of the field—semi-sautant, semi-fuyant; where the stoat murders the callow brood in the hawthorn, and the polecat worries the leveret in the brake; where, “when surly Hyems locks up all the fountains,” the owl whoops from the hollow elm, “making night hideous;” and when Spring calls forth her meek handmaids, the primrose and the violet, the nightingale talks to the moon from her favourite sprig in the holly. Or, if you will, let us hie away from these with the red-legged partridges, to the land of their nativity,

That pleasaunte royaume ycleped Fraunce.

Or, if you are so inclined, let us take wing at once to the yellow stubble and neat hedge-rows of the heart of old England; to the turnip patch or the wheat cocks, wherever the birds bask in the noontide, or feed in the gloamin'. Or, if your humour be aquatic, let us shape our course with those beautiful broad-bills to “the king of rivers, ocean's eldest son,” where the green crest of the mallard glitters in the sunbeam; to the lake among the hills, which no keel bath ever yet cleft, where the lonely bird—the royal swan—floats fearless and free, midway betwixt a real and a reflected heaven, to the solitary lowland streams, about whose banks the otter haunts and the coot nestles;—thence to the rock-encircled bay, where the grey sea-gulls and widgeon in countless myriads abide; or to the marsh, among the sedges of which the brooding wild-duck watches the will-o'-wisp.—Come with us yet once again: it is night; but yonder milky creatures shall be our guides. Cannot you fancy them—

“Waving their snow-white wings 'mid the darkness,
And willing us with gentle motion, on
To some calm island, on whose silvery strand,
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,—
And, as we touch the shores of paradise,
In love and beauty walk around our feet?”

But where the deuce in reality are we?—Oh! we

see, in Tom Belcher's parlour. That picture above the snow-white creatures of which we, in our rhapsody, last spoke, is a rustic bull-bait. If you are a novice in the craft, inspect it. By-the-bye, it is rather singular, and we believe it to be a fact, that there is but one article on this subject in that voluminous and deservedly popular work, the *Sporting Magazine*. It is to be found in the fifth number of the ninth volume (new series), and we are the author of it. Your eye, we perceive, is fixed on the portraits. Ah! well may you gaze on them with admiration. They are the "effigies" of the potent living and the renowned dead: Gregson, the man "of thews and sinews;" Dutch Sam, with his clenched lips, knotted brows, and mosaic whiskers; that mountain of fighting fat, Josh Hudson; the dark-haired Aby Belasco; Curtis, the Fancy's darling; Harry Holt, the eloquent and elegant "Prince Hal" of the prize ring; game Gully, blinking Harmer, Jackson, and others of like lustiness as fighters, whose names will be familiar in our mouths as household words, while the Fancy holds its place among our pastimes, and England remains, what she has long exclusively been, a boxing nation.

BILLIARD TABLES.

GHOST.—*Mark me.*

HAMLET.—*I will.*

SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY Billiard-player in town knows where to find a Billiard-table; they are "plentiful as blackberries." There is scarce a public street in London without its balls and verdant board; and few, very few of the rooms devoted to the cue and mace are there without a sharper or two prowling about them. If you are a Billiard-player and a stranger in town, beware! do not

let them bag you. They are of all classes, and will play for all sums: they prey eastward as well as westward of the Bar, and many of them gain a livelihood by their gleanings in the different rooms wherein they are tolerated. They are generally hand-in-glove with the ~~markers~~, and well acquainted with the little failings of every table at which they play. They will give you five, and beat you with apparent difficulty, when they can give you thrice as many, and win with ease. This, of course, is done in order to draw you on; but do not be floored: you are one of our readers, we therefore take an interest in your doings. One of our chief objects is to prevent the tyro from falling a prey to the adept. We warn you against the genteel scoundrels who haunt and infest the Billiard-rooms of the metropolis. Many of them are black sheep.

Billiards we admit to be a beautiful game: a man may wile away an hour or two of a winter's evening at them pleasantly enough with a friend: he may also enjoy himself as a spectator, especially where the players are old hands, and wield their tools as magicians do their wands: he may even play for the game—of course there can be but little damage in that—with any apparently casual visitant to the room. If he go further—if he play for a stake, whether he win or lose, let us beseech him never to make a companion of any acquaintance picked up at the Billiard-table. Many of its visitors, are, it cannot be denied, liegemen and true; but the chance is, that out of ten associates, gathered from such places, nine will prove scoundrels. They frequently are the jackalls of “greater beasts of prey,” and lead the ardent novice into “dens of destruction.”—“Pray you avoid them.”

If our reader be young—if he have not yet published a beard—we entreat him to believe, that we feel a fatherly consideration for his welfare, and are influenced by the dictates of experience in what we are about to say to him. Young man—our dear boy—if you are yet no Billiard-player, chase from your heart the first

incipient wish you feel of being one. Strangle that snake, the ambition of becoming a fine strokesman at the balls, in your bosom ; or, mark our words, you will rue it. Billiards require a nice hand, an accurate eye, the patience of Job, and unremitting practice ; without these you will never be a player. The ascent to perfection at the table is a work of long toil and trouble : when you have reached the wished-for goal—and it is one thousand chances to one against your so doing—you will look back with bitterness at the time lost and the means used in attaining it. Ergo, be no Billiard-player.

To the man, whose hand is familiarized with the cue, we shall not attempt to preach. If we had any desire to wean him from his visits to the green board, we should not attempt to do so ; for were we gifted with the eloquence of the silver-tongued Nestor, in eleven cases out of a dozen we verily believe our endeavours would prove abortive ; we are too sensible of its infatuations. Long customs, says Doctor Johnson, are not easily broken : he that attempts to change the course of his own life, often labours in vain : and how shall we do that for others which we are seldom able to do for ourselves ?

BLEADENS.

Sit down and eat, and welcome.

DUKE SENIOR.

THE author of Horace in London says, that he who will dine at a guinea a head, by his head will ne'er get a guinea. This is not the fact. We have just been taking our turtle at Bleadens's, with a leash of friends ; our reckoning we know from experience will amount to thirty shillings each at the least, yet we mean to make double that sum, by our own individual caput, before

we quit the turtle tavern, and thus give the denial direct to our witty friend, Flaccus in Cockayne.

Our subject shall be the house in which we are sitting. And yet, upon consideration, what can we say about it? Simply, that it is one of the best places in England to take your turtle. That seems to be the extent of our tether. But shall we, in truth, pass over the King's Head, in the Poultry, with so brief a notice? Is there no matter for a page to be gleaned from among its visitants? Hath not Curtis sat at this identical table? Was he not here this evening, steaming that glorious rubicon, his portly proboscis, in amphibious fumes? Truly so. And could we not talk for an hour of the Alderman and his doings? He lies prodigiously who denies it. Sir William, then, by your leave. We will even be so bold as to make free with you for some such small matter as a brace of pages.

We will not here gibbet your last bad pun, nor be eloquent on the trim of your yacht, or your great aversion to unshaven oysters and seamen. Neither will we tell a long story of your hailing a fishing-smack in the Downs, the master of which so surlily replied to your "I say, mate! hollo! ha' you got any fish?" with "I say, mate! bollo! ha' you got any turtle?"—We will not "prate of your roundabout," neither will we meddle with your nose. But the manner in which you put down a puppy at dinner on board a Ramsgate steam-boat, we must and will tell our friends. Sir William, gentlemen, was at the head of the table, cutting what he called good substantial tory slices for the company out of a leg of capital South-down mutton: a whey-faced, half-and-half exquisite on his right, while the Baronet was thus manfully exerting himself for the common good, inquired of the steward, in an affected drawl, for his valet. The bone-licker was sent to him. "Oh, Thomas!" lisped the creature, "you're there, are you? Stand behind my chair, Thomas—a—a—wait upon me."—Sir William dropped his knife. After staring for above half a minute at the conceited master

BLEADEN'S.

man Thomas, he roared out, in true stentorian
on, "Hollo! I say! you steward! come here.
re's my people, all of 'em?—Send 'em down. I
John, Stephen, Jacob,—where's Harry? Oh! I
come here all of you—attend—d'ye hear—you
upon the ladies; d—n me, you know; you wait
the ladies." The women tittered, the gentlemen
ed aloud, and the puppy expunged himself from
arty in high dudgeon.

William, you will pardon us we are sure for
ng this anecdote; it is much to your credit. With
permission we will tell another, which, in the
on of many, may be more so. You really must
us.

the commander of Sir William's yacht was, some
ago, an honest fellow, of the name of—egad we
t his name, but it began with a B. Well, B., it
s, had frequently indulged in speechifying about
al reform, annual parliaments, universal suffrage,
other subjects very unpleasant to a tory pair of ears.
one occasion, when B. was more whiggish than
in his discourse, Sir William suddenly interrupted
with "Stop! stop! wait there, and I'll come up
u. Now," continued the Baronet, "I'll put a
and show you that your principles are bad: attend
e. You, you know, know all about a ship as well
ne here and there. Now there's politics—good
d politics, in sailing this boat of mine, as I'll
e. Very well! Now don't be in a hurry—hear me
This boat, we'll say, is a kingdom. Very well.
you know, I'm king of this boat; and King
ge the Fourth is a good fellow, let me tell you—
I may say a d—d good fellow—but that's neither
nor there—he's King of England; I'm king of
acht; you—you—you know, you're prime-minis-
Very well. Now, there's Jack Nastyface, who
all the dirty work of the forecastle—now, you
, he's a good fellow too—a d—d good fellow, in
ay—use him well—but, d'ye hear, don't you let

Jack Nastyface come upon the quarter-deck—keep him in his place—don't let him get the helm out of your hands; or, i'cod if you do, he'll run us upon a rock; and away goes I, and you, and the ship, and Jack Nastyface into the bargain, slick away, as Jonathan says, to Davy's Locker.—Now Jack Nastyface represents the whigs and radicals—very good fellows, I dare say—but keep 'em in their places—don't let 'em come upon the quarter-deck of the country—keep the helm out of their hands, or may be they might serve the state as our Jack here would the yacht.”

After this impromptu comparison of the turtle-loving Baronet, as Swift wrote on another occasion,

————— let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare.

BOW STREET.

And then the Justice.

JAKES.

THE police reports are frequently the most amusing part of the daily press: they let the reader into many of the secrets of low, and, now and then, of high life; they are redolent of the phraseology of the vulgar; they often tickle our fancies by their humour, and sometimes touch our sympathies by their pathos. As anecdotes of real life; daily catalogues of droll and dismal occurrences among our fellow citizens; pictures of what is passing in the streets while we, who are sober sort of folks, are dreaming in our beds; sketches of manners, and records of the habits, feelings, and minor as well as major delinquencies of those who breathe the same air with us; they could not fail to be interesting to us all, were we not aware that, like the novels which are said to be “founded on fact,” their most rich and racy parts are frequently fiction.

Let not the non-gnostic portion of our readers imagine, that if they haunt the justice-seat of Birnie and his judicial co-mates, that they will ever witness such pleasant, sparkling, humorous examinations as those reported in the columns of the papers which matinally grace their breakfast tables. The tyro upon town will stare at this. Why, will he say, cannot I, if I frequent the same place, see and hear what those who are employed for the press see and hear there? He can; but the fact is, that our police reporters are by far too clever, to set down the words of other people, without throwing in something of their own. Their plan is to drop the duller parts of a story or a speech, and to embellish its livelier portion—to select the tit-bits, and sauce and spice them up sufficiently high to please the palates of the news-reading public. The offices afford them an excellent variety of characters, which, like skilful dramatists, they work up until they become really humorous: many of the cases afford them capital plots, into which they cleverly dovetail pleasant little episodes, and adhere no closer to the deposed facts than many of our by-gone playwrights have done to the sacred page of history. We allude only to the cases of humour which occur at the police offices: those reports which can be interesting only in proportion as they are correct, are, in general, accurately given; but the matrimonial squabbles, the Irish farçettas, and the frays between the Dogberrys of the night and late walkers—albeit they may, peradventure, contain the leading facts disclosed—are highly wrought up by the fanciful powers of those, who amuse the public and feed themselves at a per-line-age for the daily press. Many cases which, on hearing, are dull and oftentimes disgusting, under the magic pens of the police office scribes become lively and entertaining; they are furnished with the raw material—the metal in its ore—which they purify and polish, until it bears little or no resemblance to what it was before it underwent the process of manufacturing for the paper-market under

their skilful hands. There are many who delight to visit the police offices for the sake of seeing those beings who appear there, of whom others only read: some of our readers may, perhaps, be bitten with a similar fancy; but, we warrant, that they will find the actual doings at Bow Street very different to what they had imagined; as Charles Mathews' Sir Harry Skelter says, "There's nothing at all in it; people talk a great deal about it—but there's nothing in it, after all—nothing."

It is not often that we look in at morning or evening sitting of the magistrates; we are content to have the police reports served up to us with our potted beef and buttered toast at breakfast; we enjoy them, although we feel convinced that many of them bear no more resemblance to the affairs they are founded on, than mock-turtle to calf's head: still, like the soup, they are by far the most pleasant and palatable of the two.

BRACE TAVERN.

Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess.

HERMIONE.

How various are the tastes of men in the matter of malt-liquor! One loves a glass of the brook-clear Kennett; to another's palate, the dark, heavy ale of Shropshire is an earthly nectar; a third will drink nothing but the luscious Burton—almost innocent of hops; while a fourth detests the honey-sweet draught, and regales upon beer of most bitter brewage: some affect the new, and some the old: the Welchman can stomach ale of three days age, as muddy as a marsh pool, made up of barley spoiled in the malting, and hops whose vitality is slackened by time and mouldiness: in many of the inland counties, the good folks like a hard, severe, cut-throat beverage; whilst in others, the soft,

balmy Scotch is most popular: your genuine porter-drinker turns up his nose at ale of all sorts, and can tell you by its head, complexion, and flavour, whether the beer you offer him comes from the mighty vats of Meux, of Whitbread, or of Delafield.

We are a malt-worm ourself; we oftentimes do homage to stout Sir John Barleycorn, and, whenever it falls in our way, scruple not

“ to take our part
Of jolly good ale and old.”

For a nip of Burton we have no affection; Edinburgh is our abomination; our palate loathes the town-made trash termed ale: but a tankard of bright, old, sound, mellow October is, to us, a most delectable draught. Lord Byron loved not a full pot better than we do a pewter of—that poetry of porter—good brown stout. One of the best places within the bills of mortality to obtain it in perfection is the Brace, in Banco Regis. If the amateur of heavy wet should call upon some luckless wight in Abbott’s Priory, or go there to see Pitman, the prince of racket-players, display his agility and skill at the bat and ball, we recommend him, by all means, to take beer at the Brace.

Many years ago, this tavern was kept by two brothers, of the name of Partridge, and thence arose its singular title. We should suppose, that there is not a house within the bills of mortality which can boast of so large a consumption of stout. Its custom is not confined to the prisoners; people from all parts of the neighbourhood resort to it, on account of the excellent quality of its heavy wet. Here the evening visitor may meet with a most strange set of characters; but without the help of a by-stander, who has been long a resident in the Bench, he cannot sufficiently enjoy the scene. Should you be acquainted with any gentleman, who has for some time been incarcerated here, on suspicion of being guilty of debt, make him your Cicero for an hour, and take a glance at the living curiosities of the place.

You must, remember, go early, or you will see but little ere the night-bell rings for the departure of the visitors : do not tarry long at those private public houses, the whistling shops ; their liquors, which are smuggled in under the petticoat, are generally execrable—eschew them as much as possible ; but fail not to drop in at the Brace before you depart, and there acquaint your palate with the grateful flavour of real brown stout.

CIDER CELLAR.

See you here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell ; no noise, and enter.

CALIBAN.

ON the left-hand side of Maiden Lane, if you enter it from Southampton Street, close to the stage-entrance of the Adelphi Theatre, and a short distance only from the house kept by Preist, who lately performed Shylock two or three times on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, at a considerable nightly expense, as it was said, to himself, is the once famous house of public resort, called the Cider Cellar. It is entirely underground, the entrance to it is by a broad flight of stairs, the place is low, but sufficiently spacious for comfort, and, when tolerably well-filled, is admired by many for its snugness of appearance. Eggs, Welch rabbits, oysters, porter, cider, ale, cigars, spirituous liquors, &c. are to be obtained here, of excellent quality, and at a moderate price. We are told by a lively writer that, a few years ago, the frequenters of the Cider Cellar consisted of gentlemen of the sword, templars, some petit-maitres from the adjacent theatres, a few respectable tradesmen, two or three parsons, an idle old bachelor or so, two or three members of parliament, and occasionally a lord. The discussions were general ; every one who pleased

took his share in the debate ; and songs, catches, and glees, were now and then introduced

To wile the dull hours awa'.

Critics also held their midnight orgies here, and many country gentlemen, on their annual visits to London, passed a portion of their evenings at the Cider Cellar.

But, even in those days, the place, it was said, had fallen from its former palmy state : if this be the case, and we have no reason to doubt the assertion, it is a matter of surprise to us, that we never find it mentioned by any of the "men about town," who have written chatty books, and must, we should imagine, have known it in the days of its glory.

For some time past the Cider Cellar has been rather a dull place. The easy and inviting descent down its broad stairs ; the immaculate-looking piles of eggs ; the lemons curiously bestowed about its bar, which is visible from the entrance ; have seldom seduced us to drop in. We have, however, occasionally visited it, but the lone and solitary looks of a few stragglers, who seemed to be the disunited remnant of its former frequenters, have always thrown a pensive air about it ; which, to us, seemed far from pleasant. We could not help looking upon these pale, attenuated figures, as melancholy ghosts of their former selves, revisiting the place of by-gone joys and past affections. We are almost certain, that we have sometimes met with the weather-beaten soldado, mentioned by Pomarius, the writer we have before alluded to, who always "seemed to be thinking of past times—of India, perhaps, East or West—of marchings and countermarchings—of the bivouac—of the camp—or of winter-quarters." We think, too, that our eye once encountered that of the "tall, spare, elderly man, who looked like a merchant or a stockbroker," who restricted his potations to a single pint of ale per night, and seemed as cold as a gigantic icicle, "stiff, unthawed, and silent—the male Niobe of the Cider Cellar." But both of these,

if they were indeed the persons for whom we took them, were considerably the worse for wear, and had lost their poetry of appearance ; the dark December of their lives was evidently fast approaching ; they were mere old men. We have seen some ancients, whose figures created the same feelings in the mind as the ruins of a noble or celebrated pile of the architecture of past times ; but these were to the eye and heart but as specimens of the common order of masonry falling into decay.

The Cider Cellar is now likely to flourish again ; not, indeed, as it did when stray members of parliament, and sometimes a lord, were to be found beneath its roof ; but it will soon, we anticipate, be upon a par with Clitter's, or the Coal-hole, Offley's, or the Rainbow in Fleet Street. The revival of some portion of its old popularity is confidently foretold by the sages in these matters ; and, we are informed, that it has already brightened up under the dominion of its present landlord, Evans, of Covent Garden ; that beaux from the theatres are once more to be seen seated round its tables ; that critics congregate again about its entrance, with their victims, the performers and the playwrights ; that the azure breath of a little multitude of Havannahs floats round its walls, which echo back the laugh of the jovial at the " quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles " of the gay, the humorous, or the witty, and the applause of many listeners at the glees of the professional, and the cheerful song of the amateur.

COAL-HOLE.

Steering, with due course, toward the isle of *Rhodes*.

MESSENGER IN OTHELLO.

ABOUT a stone's-throw from the bottom of Southampton Street, on the opposite side of the Strand, towards

Somerset House, the weary wayfarer will discover a dingy-looking alley;

With footing worn, and leading inward far.

A short distance down this vein, from "one of the great arteries through which the tide of life eternally flows to and from the heart of the great city," is the entrance to the lunch and supper tavern, yclept the Coal-hole. It is a house of excellent entertainment and good garniture. Rhodes, the landlord, has a spice of the Yorick in his composition; he has said many good things in his day, and written Mr. and Mrs. Vite's Voyage to Vindsor von Vitsunday, and sundry chansons à boire, we believe, of passable merit. His son is as much like him as ever gosling was to gander. We mean nothing unpleasant; the Rhodes'—father and son—are very good fellows; and if they dislike our comparison, in the next edition of this work we will say that they resemble each other as much as "two melting cherries parted," a pair of tobacco pipes, a couple of mutton chops, or a double and a single go of gin.

Almost every tavern of note about town hath or had its club. The Mermaid Tavern is immortalized as the house resorted to by Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and Beaumont; the Devil—which, Pennant informs us, stood on the site of Child's Place, Temple Bar—was the scene of many a merry meeting of the choice spirits in old days; at Will's Coffee House, in the Augustan age of English literature, societies were held to which Steele, and Pope, and Addison belonged; Doctor Johnson, Hawkesworth, the elder Salter, and Sir John Hawkins, were members of a club formerly held at the King's Head, in Ivy Lane; the notorious Dick England, Dennis O'Kelly, and Hull, with their associates, had, many years ago, a sporting club at Munday's Coffee House; the Three Jolly Pigeons, in Butcher-hall Lane, was formerly the gathering place of a set of old school bibliopoles, who styled themselves the Free and Easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower;

stay-maker Hugh Kelly, Goldsmith, Ossian Macpherson, Garrick, Cumberland, and the Woodfalls, with several noted men of that day, were concerned in a club at the St. James's Coffee House; the Kit-cat, which took its name from one Christopher Cat, a pastry-cook, was held at a tavern in King Street, Westminster; Button's—but truly the task of enumerating the several clubs, of which we find notices “in the books,” as the lawyers have it, would be endless. Passing over all the Harmonics, Peculiars, Druids, Wigs, Buffaloes, Whimsicals, &c. of our own time, we rest, for a few moments, on a society which has given the Coal-hole considerable notoriety. Here the Wolf Club was first established. Its president was that highly-gifted hero of the stage, Edmund Kean, who formerly was often to be found enjoying himself among his supporters at this place. The Wolves were his pledged applauders, and whether he played well or ill, little Ned was always sure of bringing down *their* hands. The club, we are informed, is now abolished; but the house is still the nightly gathering-place of several merry brothers of the sock: here many a joke is uttered, which, if noted down and promulgated, would “set the table in a roar” hereafter; and comic songs are sung much better than they are by the same singers on the stage. Rhodes himself is one of the high-priests of punsters, and an existing contradiction to Johnson's foolish dictum (which, we feel convinced, is to be attributed only to the great lexicographer's ursine surliness and the alliterative temptation); for our jocund host is, we sincerely believe, a right honest good fellow.

We'll come to thy castle again, Sir Knight,
Once more thy wine we'll quaff;
We'll drag it from out its cold den, Sir Knight—
How its ruby face will laugh.

And thou, surely, wilt not bicker, Sir Knight,
E'en should we drain a horn
Of thy stout old English liquor, Sir Knight—
The blood of Barleycorn.

COBURG THEATRE.

Pray you, avoid it.

HAMLET.

WE have chosen a dogmatical motto for the "head and front" of our present article; but we are not so verdant as to fancy, that because we find no pleasure in this place, that all those who may dip into our "dainty tome" will obey our laconic fiat, and utterly avoid it. We assure our readers, that there are many among them who will be vastly pleased with the performances at the Coburg; but such are not men of our kidney: and to those kindred souls, who think and feel somewhat as we do—and to them alone—is our extract from the bard addressed.

Amusement is a word of large acceptance—a substantive boundless as beauty; what is highly gratifying to Peter is bitterly disgusting to Paul—the aristocrat abhors those things which create a doating passion in the bosom of a pleb; there are many who, "when all the birds are faint with the hot sun, hide in cooling trees;" while others delight to bask in Phœbus' eye, even when "July is boiling like to fire;" and we have no doubt, that there are sundry persons, who would rather see a cut-throat piece at the Coburg than Sheridan's best comedy at Covent Garden. Be it so—be it so; we are too old to quarrel with people because they happen to differ in taste with us; we were cured of this frailty some years ago—a coalheaver did it. He was sleeping in the noontide heat of a sultry day in August upon several empty sacks, which had been stretched and counted on the pavement; three were upon, and five beneath him: his hat had fallen off, and the sun's burning rays fell directly upon his bald, glowing, unprotected sconce. It was a misery to look upon him.

We awoke the fellow in a paroxysm of humanity, for it seemed to us that his brain was in high danger of being cooked. He yawned at our reveillé, turned up his brown, wrinkled, exceedingly hot face, indulged us with a glance of deep indignation, and actually threatened to wop us, for disturbing a man when he was enjoying himself!

Some time after our adventure with this black diamond, who seemed to have a taste for the pains of Pandemonium, we engaged a clumsy cabriolet, for lack of better conveyance, to take us forty miles on a cross-country road in the Pas-de-Calais. A road cab in France is a moving miracle—you look at it and wonder how the deuce it holds together: the one in which we ventured on this occasion, was the very worst we ever beheld; the spokes of the wheels were tied to the fellies, the springs were represented by certain most ancient pieces of rope, one of the shafts had evidently been covered with living verdure within a week, and in lieu of a linch-pin on the near side we noticed a couple of mine host's cask-pégs. We were compelled to "move on," be it remarked, or we would have dined upon snow-broth, rather than have ventured into so crazy a concern. The beast was no better in appearance than the cab. We found out, after we had travelled a dozen miles, at a rate which was really prodigious, considering the miserable exterior of our steed, that he had already been thirty miles since daybreak. Still he kept up his pace, as though travelling was no toil to him; even as a mere machine—a balloon—or a steam engine. The only symptoms of distress which he evinced throughout the journey, was when he occasionally cut his near hock, which was beef-raw, with his off foot; but when this happened, he never relaxed in his pace—he merely whinnied for a moment at the smart, and galloped off for a few yards on three legs instead of four. The driver on these occasions exclaimed to him, in a gay tone, "Quel amusement! quel amusement!" and told him over and over again what a mere pastime this must

be to him, contrasted with what he had on some previous journeys endured. We remarked that the driver invariably thonged the nag under the flank when he cried "What amusement! what mere amusement for you!" and the animal actually pricked up his ears, and toddled on with increased speed, as though he were, in fact, conscious that he was merely enjoying himself.

Davidge is now sole manager at the Coburg. Its bills have seldom blandishments enough for us to visit it. We don't like the names upon them. Time was, when Junius Brutus Booth; Miss Taylor—every body remembers her Effie Deans at the Surrey—Smithson, that lovely, but lackadaisical young lady; "young Love;" Sloman, a coarse, but somewhat comical cub; the light-footed Leclercq; and several others, of at least middling merit, used to figure on its boards. T. P. Cooke, too, was formerly one of the corps; Blanchard and Bradley enlivened the bathos and balderdash of the dialogue by a fight; Ramo Samee, in the bloom of his popularity, exhibited before the glass curtain; and the diavolo Antonio delighted and terrified the ladies by his grace and "noble daring" on the slack rope. Now-a-days, instead of the terrific trash which the managers of old catered for the public palate of Lambeth, the casual visitor is horrified by melodrame caricatures of Shakspeare's best tragedies. A certain Signor Cobham, who wears but one wig, and always looks like a resurrection man, plays the principal character in the adapted tragedy, and then suddenly slips his outward man, (all but the jasey) and appears as primo buffo in the after-piece. We think we have seen him do for George Barnwell, and Don Juan, in Dibdin's burlesque, on the same evening, and sure so dismal a Don was never before seen. Harry Kemble ("what's in a name?")—a gentleman of prodigious lungs, et preterea nihil, performs the heroic folks. Rowbotham rants, as all the minor heavy-business men do; in other respects he is rather a respectable actor, and so is Davidge himself. Buckstone we suspect to be somewhat amusing; nature

intended him for a diminutive likeness of Harley, but connection has made him a bastard caricature of his present manager. Weston is a clever old lady; and many people think Mrs. Davidge a delightful little dumpling. We don't. They have Lewis and his wife here; Mrs. Egerton, case-hardened, but dull; Watson, a laudable lumpy little lass; Mr. This, Mrs. That, and Miss T'other, with a variety of the "illustrious obscure," of whom, we rejoice to say it, there is no item resident in our brain: Lethe is a brave river.

One paragraph more under this head, and we have done. We are usually, if possible, anecdotal, and especially so, in this chitty-chatty work—this present light, easy, careless, slap-dash, easy-chair companion. We have already spoken of Blanchard and Bradley, "those twin-stars" of Lambeth. Glossop prized their achievements so much, that when he was the ruling power in this house, he has frequently been known to knock out ten or a dozen pages of a manuscript piece, heedless of shearing in twain the thread of the plot, to make room, as he said, for the introduction of an incidental "terrific combat, between Messrs. Blanchard and Bradley!!" This out the scribes to the core, but we approved the deed; for a good broad-sword combat is far preferable to three or four scenes of a maudlin, milk-and-water melodrame: it is a bad thing, perhaps, at the best, but still "there's life in it."

COCK TAVERN.

A cock that nobody can match.

CLOTEN.

A SHORT distance from the city side of Temple Bar, a dark narrow passage, whose entrance is surmounted by a dingy gilded figure of a cock, leads into the one little room which, with its appurtenances of bar and

kitchen, constitutes the Cock Tavern. Here, the more genteel class of persons, who like heavy wet, indulge in their vesper draughts of potent stout. Formerly this house was even more frequented than it is at present. About eight years ago, William Colls, who had long officiated as principal waiter at the Cock, seceded from his post, and took the Rainbow Tavern, on the opposite side of Fleet Street. Great numbers of the Cock's customers went over the way with him; and the Rainbow, which had for many years been a place "of no mark or likelihood," soon rivalled, and at length eclipsed the Cock. Prior to William's departure, there was one of the most handsome girls in town an attendant at this Tavern. Some of our readers will doubtless remember Mary. Her face was a perfect model of the Grecian style of beauty, and the wise men of the East came in crowds to see her. She disappeared—we forget how or wherefore; and in losing her, the Cock lost a magnet. The house is still the resort of a great number of persons, principally young men, most of whom really are, and the rest appear to be, respectable. Capital stout, in pint glasses, (we always imbibe our porter potations out of pewter) mixed liquors, punch, poached eggs, Welch rabbits, oysters, chops, and sausages, are the articles generally dispensed. A man may make as quiet and comfortable a supper here, between ten and eleven o'clock, as any where in the world; and, if he pleases, can luxuriate with a tolerable cigar after it. There is little or no communion among the visitors: you will rarely hear a song, and papers are prohibited; the grave business of eating, drinking, and smoking, only being attended to. Nevertheless, a very pleasant hour may be passed at the Cock; and, if the visitor make an ally of the waiter or oyster-opener, he may often have people pointed out to him there, who are rather worth seeing. Several years ago, we were one of its constant customers; indeed, at one time, we were a component part of a little society of good folks who held their meetings there,

and of whom we are in the humour to essay a description. The society lived and died at the Cock ; it was called

The Black Breeches' Club.

Of the existence of this club all the world was ignorant, but its members. Its origin was simple. One or two of the elder visitants of the Cock were in the habit of sitting in the most retired box in the room. They were grave-looking men, smoked their pipes with great zest, and fuddled themselves with decorum. In the course of time, another gentleman, of sedate and respectable exterior, allured no doubt by the congeniality of appearance, took his seat at the same table. Another came, and then another ; until, at length, the box became the resort of six individuals, who, although they were total strangers to each other out of the Tavern, gossiped away their evenings very pleasantly together, over their stout and grog, within its walls. We were one of them. A gentleman, in a blue coat, with metal buttons, and a white waistcoat—the only one of us, we well remember, who did not patronize hair-powder—one evening remarked, that we all invariably wore black breeches. From this observation, the idea of a snug little club arose in our minds, and we determined to have regular meetings in our box, and to dignify ourselves with the quaint title of the Black Breeches' Club. Our meetings did not take place on equidistant evenings ; prior to breaking up for the night, we always appointed the time of our next "chapter." Thus we passed comparatively "unnoticed and unknown" among the many visitors of the Cock.

In our conversation, we always alluded to each other in this manner : "the gentleman without powder," "the member who does not take snuff," "my grave friend opposite," "the jocular member on my right," &c. for, in truth, we were none of us acquainted with each other's names or avocations. 'Tis true, that we indulged in shrewd guesses on the latter subject ; and whenever one of our party was absent, his proba-

ble calling was usually brought upon the tapis. Doubtless every one of us hugged himself in his own supposed incognito, while he chuckled to think, that he had sagaciously pierced through the veil in which each of his neighbours was wrapped. We never met with these worthies out of doors; they were visible only on our chapter nights; they came we knew not whence, and went we knew not whither.

The merriest rattle of our party was a tall, spare man, of about five and fifty, whom we all suspected was a divine—a journeyman parson; but where he officiated was a mystery. He took large quantities of Scotch. Opposite to him, usually sat a squat figure, some ten years older, whose step was jaunty as a bridegroom's. He turned out his toes, and carried a beautiful gold box, superbly embossed, and filled with a rich black snuff, of the most delicious flavour and complexion. He was never merry; but oftentimes gravely hummed certain ancient country-dances, and confessed that he could fiddle. There was little doubt in our minds as to his character. We felt convinced that he was a dancing-master of the old school. He had a dog; a black-faced, cock-nosed, curly-tailed pug, who was almost as grave as, and much more snappish, than himself. The beast never entered with his master, but used to creep in some ten minutes or so after him, and crouch beneath his seat. Divers were the quarrels which took place between this pair of originals; there was never the least semblance of kindness between them—the master kicked the dog, and the dog snarled and snapped at the shins of his master: nor did they ever leave the house together; about ten minutes after the old man disappeared, his dog departed. We were confirmed in our opinion, that the gentleman was a dancing-master of the old school, by his constantly exclaiming against the waltz and quadrille, and lauding the stately minuet and decent country-dance.

The gentleman in the blue coat was one of the most unlucky men in conversation we ever met with; he

always hit the sore spot of his neighbour when discoursing with him, and that too by sheer mischance, and in all innocence of heart. Whenever the dancing-master bewailed the downfall of the old fashions, his opposite friend in the blue coat invariably drew an affecting picture of the distresses which the modern innovations must necessarily have caused among the elder teachers of the art. The irritation of the other on these occasions was extreme; he snuffed, shuffled, uttered sundry sighs, and frowned most fiercely on the gentleman in the blue coat, who went on with his talk, utterly unconscious that his words fell like drops of molten lead on the suffering auricular of the luckless wight to whom he was chatting.

Our dancing-master dwindled by degrees in girth; his linen still continued to be of the most immaculate whiteness; but his coat was wearing threadbare, his pumps patched (so neatly, we must confess, that the seam of the cobbler was scarcely visible), and, instead of producing a new pair of black indispensables at the usual time, it was noticed by the club, that he indulged only in the resuscitation of an old nether-garment, which, it was supposed, had gone to "the tomb of all the Capulets" three months before. He used his snuff-box more than usual, but its contents were no longer of so rare and expensive a quality as when we knew him first. The gentleman in the blue coat stumbled upon this last-mentioned fact, and very innocently inquired the reason of it. At this question our grave dancing-master, for the first time since we had known him, laughed aloud! It seemed to be a bitter, rather than a joyous laugh—it startled us all; and from that night forth we never saw the dancing-master again.

His black-faced little pug used to sneak in occasionally, for some time after. He would steal to his old place, and go away about the time when his master was in the habit of wishing us good-night. From this we concluded that the dancing-master dwelt somewhere in the neighbourhood; and the divine volunteered to

watch the dog on his next visit. The reverend gentleman did so; and, when we met again, reported, that the beast discovered him at his tail; and, after dodging him backwards and forwards through many dingy alleys, at last took to his heels in Seven Dials. ~~The dog, we need scarcely add, distanced the divine in a few seconds.~~

The gentleman in the blue coat, who committed the ~~most singular blunders~~ in speech we ever heard, made a beautiful bull shortly after the dancing-master's disappearance. We were giving our opinions seriatim as to what country was the place of his nativity. One thought he was an Englishman; the divine said that, in his own mind, he had always dubbed him a Dutchman; "Sir," observed the gentleman in the blue coat, "I am convinced that he is a Scotchman; for on last St. Patrick's day I met him with a leek in his hat." We smiled; but none of us took the pains of proving to him, that this was a non-sequitur.

The fourth member of our little club was a middle-aged man, with a wooden leg. The eye of our crony in the blue coat was frequently cast upon the mutilated limb of our companion, and oftentimes hath he endeavoured to wheedle out of its wearer a history of the amputation of its better half; but he was always unsuccessful. The man with the wooden leg did not look pleased to be so frequently reminded of his misfortune; and, in reply to the questions of the gentleman in the blue coat, as to how it happened, except in a single instance, invariably replied with the monosyllable—"Guess!" Then the inquirer thought of and mentioned all the disasters which could occur to the limb of man; but the wooden-legged man would never admit that he guessed rightly. Once, and once only, the man with the mysterious stump changed the form of his answer to the eternal question. He looked grave, took the gentleman in the blue coat by the hand, and whispered into his ear, "My dear Sir—don't mention it again—between ourselves, I was born with a wooden leg."

He was always on the look-out for *Lions*, and great indeed was his satisfaction when he could coax any singular being to accompany him to the club. Some of these birds of passage were originals. One night, he brought in a short, thick, middle-aged man, with a free, careless, sailor-like air, and a face which denoted a mind of considerable activity. He said nothing particular during his visit, and we began to think that our friend's friend was a mere common-place creature, like ourselves, and no lion. In this, however, we were deceived. As soon as the gentleman had taken his departure, the man with the wooden leg exultingly told us, that his friend was the celebrated Captain B ——. We said that we had never heard of him. "No!" exclaimed he, "not heard of B ——" "No—what has he done?"—"A thousand astonishing things; I assure you. I'll tell you one of his feats. During the very heat of the French revolution, a lady of consequence escaped from Paris, and arrived safely in this country. She had been obliged to decamp with such precipitation, that all her valuable jewels were left behind, with sundry important papers, which, if discovered by those in authority, would most probably be the cause of leading several persons who were dear to her to the guillotine. Soon after her arrival in London these facts transpired: B. heard of them, and, strange to tell, volunteered to hazard an attempt at getting possession of the papers and property. His offer was accepted; but little hopes were entertained of his success by the lady. He, however, started in high spirits. The jewels and letters were in the lady's house at Paris. B. scarcely knew a syllable of the French language; the revolution, as I said, was then raging in its direst horrors; we were at open war with France; and yet, in spite of all these tremendous difficulties, B. got into France, reached Paris, obtained possession of the much-desired letters and property, and returned in safety with them to the lady in London."

Another of our friend's lions was a pilot; a rough,

brown-muzzled, grisly-pated, thick-set man, with an eye like a hawk's, and an arm as muscular as poor Sutton's was. Many, many years ago, a Liverpool vessel, in which he sailed, was captured by a French privateer. The enemy took out all the English crew, except our lion and a young black fellow, who were left for the purpose of assisting to work the vessel; put a prize-master and six sailors on board, and, ordering them to steer for the nearest French port, parted company. Our hero immediately began to devise means for recapturing the prize. The French were more than three to one against him, so that it seemed impossible to succeed by open force. He therefore resorted to stratagem. "I tried for two whole days," said he, "to lay aside some offensive weapon; but in this I was completely foiled. Well, Sirs, what was to be done? Eh?—Why, I'll tell you. I picked a brace of bullets out of the mizen, which the French muskets had lodged there when the privateer attacked us; I then overhauled my chest, and chose out a pair of bran-new ribbed yarn stockings, and made fast a bullet in the toe of each of them. One I gave to the black, and kept the other myself—and a brace of very pretty, pliant cudgels they were, I promise you. The next morning, there happened to be but two hands upon deck; I was just about midships, the Frenchmen forward, and the black at the wheel. Now, thinks I, is the time—now or never. So I steps up to the nearest of the enemy, and told him to surrender. He laughed in my face, and then out came my stocking. The other fellow hove up. I called upon them once more to surrender; but they wouldn't. One bore away to call up his mates—the other I levelled with the bullet in the toe of my stocking. In a minute all hands came up and attacked me. Lord! how I did make my bullet rattle about their pates, sure-ly! One of them wounded me inside my thigh, and another had given me a slaver with his cutlass athwart my ribs; but I had three down, and disarmed one, and was just going to bear down upon

the remaining two, when bang! I hears a pistol-shot behind me. I looked about, and there was the prize-master, who, hearing the rumpus, had crept through the cabin window, and got up by the stern upon the quarter-deck. He was just agoing to snap his other pistol at me, when the black fellow, who had done no business yet, caught up a spar, knocked down the prize-master, and beat him about the head till he was dead as a pickled pilchard. He then rushed forward upon the other Frenchman, howling and grinning like a very devil. The poor chaps were scared out of their wits, and made away for the shrouds, crying quarter with all their might; but the work I had to save their lives was terrible. The black fellow was like a maniac—nothing but downright extermination of the whole crew would satisfy him. So, then, he and I had a bit of a fight; and, as luck would have it, I got the better of him. I then threw all the arms into the sea, but a cutlass and the prize-master's pistols, which I wore myself, and managed so as to have but three of the Frenchmen upon deck at a time; and a precious sharp look out, mind me, I kept upon 'em. For several days and nights I never left the deck, nor closed my eyes. Because, for why? How could I?—Well, the short of the story is, I hauled down the French colours, hoisted the British flag, and carried my prize and prisoners safe into Liverpool."

The gentleman in the blue coat, we opined, from his old-boyish beauishness, his visible uneasiness at half-past ten, and his regular departure at eleven, his natural scratch, and general nattiness, was a blade who, after having lived for half a century in single blessedness, had lately taken unto himself a young wife; but what his worldly vocation was, we could never satisfactorily settle.

The last of the club was an old Frenchman, who wore a queue, and, strange to say, never took snuff. We fancied that he was an author. There was nothing particular in him, but his vehement admiration of this

country and its customs. One night, the divine was indulging in his usual trick of drawing caricatures with the spilled liquor on the table ; an athletic, rural-looking person, in the opposite box, was his subject, and droll indeed were the different sketches which he made of the man's face. The seeming rustic detected him in the fact, and, suddenly crossing the room, cast one glance at the multiplied exaggerations of his physiognomy on the board, and, aiming a blow with the flat of his huge hand at the divine's ear, strode hastily out of the room. The divine dexterously drew back his head, and the ponderous paw fell, with deafening effect, on the auricular organ of the little Frenchman by his side, who was at that moment lauding, with great emphasis, the manners and customs of Old England. To describe the old gentleman's look of indignation and surprise would be impossible. He snatched the spectacles from his nose, hurled them violently after the rustic, and then loudly complained of the divine's incivility, in suffering him to receive a blow, which was evidently intended for his friend's own reverend head. A stormy debate ensued, the whole room was in an uproar, we separated in disorder, and the Black Breeches' Club never met again.

The gentleman in the blue coat may still be seen occasionally at the Cock ; the man with the mysterious stump drops in now and then ; and the little Frenchman sometimes favours the room with a visit ; but the gay divine has long since disappeared. The rest seem shy of each other, and have never coupléd or congregated since the night when a box on the ear, from an unlettered clown, dissolved the little chapter of Black Breeches.

COCK-PIT.

Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

ARIEL.

A GAME cock is, perhaps, one of the bravest creatures under the sun: we have seen a black-breasted ginger-wing stand up stoutly against, and dispute every inch of ground with, a dog of ten times his weight. The greatest foe of our green boyhood was a cross-bred, straw-coloured bird, with black beak and legs, between a long-legged, tuft-tailed Malay, and a common Dorking dunghill: the rascal used to larrup us daily; and, albeit we were wont to lay as heavy a cudgel as we could well wield about his pate: he at length so completely got the better of us, that we durst not venture within his sight. We were actually enforced, on one occasion, when the villain caught us in a corner, armed only with a lump of bread-and-butter and sugar, that ambrosia of boyhood, to obtain which the fellow had assaulted us, to call lustily for paternal aid. Our dad sallied forth at our shouts, beat off the enemy, drove him into an old barn, and there proceeded to castigate the delinquent with a hunting whip; but not without some peril to his own legs; for the cock rebelled under the discipline, and fought long and lustily before he would turn up the craven feathers on his crown—the infallible symptom of fear in birds—and cackle peccavi. He was then turned out, and within a dozen yards of the barn door, flew up on a rail, clapped his wings with all his remaining energy, and, crowing forth a shrill and loud defiance, strutted proudly away to his partlets.

The animosity which one cock bears to all his fea-

thered brethren, no circumstances can extinguish ; the young bird, from the moment that he emerges from his chickenhood, is an object of the bitterest hate to the king-cock of the yard ; his first crow is the toscin of persecution ; no humility can appease his vindictive tyrant—he is haunted about from hour to hour ; and woeful indeed is his punishment, if his tormentor detect him in any little act of gallantry to partlet or pullet. Scarcely, however, have a brace of summers passed over his comb, than the aspiring youngster boldly attacks the old tyrant, and, though beaten repeatedly—sorely beaten and maimed in that, and his subsequent attempts, his courage soon revives, and, if his game be good, he fights so frequently, and at last so well, that the old bird retires discomfited, or dies beneath the punishing beak of his offspring. It has been foolishly said, that we have educated the race of game-cocks into its present pugnacious disposition : this is nonsense. The breeds may have been ameliorated by judicious coupling ; but the game, the appetite for combat, was as strong in their hearts in the by-gone time as in our own days. We are told that Themistocles, when about to give battle to an army of his country's enemies, met with a couple of cocks, who were fighting with such fury, as to induce the general to call upon his soldiers to notice their bravery. “ These birds,” said he, (we quote from memory) “ are not struggling here, my brave associates in arms, for their homes or household gods ; they do not endure these wounds for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or the love of glory. What, then, is their motive ? The mere heroic resolution of one not to yield to the other.” The soldiers' ardour was kindled by this appeal ; they went on, “ eager for the fray,”

And plumed victory soon eat upon their helms.

The mains fought at the Royal Pit, in Tufton Street, Westminster, are usually announced in the Morning Advertiser. Should you not have time to attend the

commencement of the day's play, it is more than probable that you may have an opportunity of witnessing its denouement, if you arrive at the pit early in the evening. The Cock-pit in Tufton Street is worthy visitation, not only by the lover of the sport, but by the loungee after the varied scenery of life; the trim—the strength—the neatness—and courage of the birds; the care paid to them by Fleming, Nash, or whoever the feeder may be; the motley group which encircles the pit, make up a picture of no ordinary interest. Here the country squire mingles, hail-fellow-well-met, with the cockney costermonger; the sweep is almost hand-in-glove with the senator; and the respectable-looking shark, in powder and black breeches, linked in seeming amity with the simpleton whom he has marked down for his prey.

A man should sing small here, or elsewhere, in betting upon a strange bird: it is not enough that the cock which takes your fancy “looks like winning;” that he is active, stout, leary, and, to all appearance, right-thorough bred, or “as near it as a toucher;” you should not lay much money on him unless you are acquainted with his pedigree; one drop of dunghill blood in his heart will curdle the whole current with cold fear at a home thrust of the steel. There certainly is much to be augured from the look of a cock; but his make and plumage are not to be relied on. A game hen will often give the outward form and bearing of “a good one” to a chicken, in whose heart may, nevertheless, lurk the cowardice of a white-feathered father-bird. No sultan was ever more jealous over the lady-birds of his seraglio, than a wise breeder is as to those pullets from whose eggs he intends to hatch stock for the pit. We confess that there have been many instances known of chance birds and bastards beating well-bred cocks; but such events are rare—exceptions only to the golden rule, that in the long run blood must and will carry the day.

COVENT GARDEN.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited.

POLONIUS.

A MAN can seldom lack an evening's amusement while Covent Garden Theatre will afford him a seat within a visitable portion of the house. The galaxy of fine spirits which illuminates its stage cannot fail at least to please, if not to delight. Here is gorgeous tragedy sweeping across the stage "in all the regality of grief;" comedy, in her best array; opera, farce, melodrama, and ballet—some of them excellent, and nearly all better than tolerable. Here are famous fiddlers, and scene-painters whose magic brushes recal the impossible scenes which haunt the mind in our fairy period of existence—the interregnum of half-dreaming happiness between boyhood and youth. If you love pantomime, at Covent Garden you may see the light and active Ellar—inferior in his department only to poor Bologna; Barnes, the best of pantaloons, who, although by far less active than Blanchard, is infinitely more droll; young Grimaldi, who occasionally reminds one of his father; that lean prodigy, Parsloe; and the laughing little Columbine Romer, of whom more anon. Should you be a lover of the minstrel's gentle art, in this house you may gratify your ears by the songs of Sapio, and Paton, and Penson, and Phillips, and Pearman: Fawcett is here, in himself a host, for the Touchstones and Cops; Farley for the Shaksperian fops and fools—the Osricks, and Clotens, and Roderigos—the Cacafofos of the old comedies, the Cantons of modern dramatists, and his own melodramatic wizards and tyrants; Farren, whose

acidity of countenance is often particularly pleasant, for the polished and stately Lord Ogleby, the testy old Absolute, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and the higher order of old gentlemen in farce; Blanchard for Polonius, the precise Owen, Mungo, and the secondary old humorists which Farren and Fawcett reject; Keeley, the original Leporello of Giovanni in London, for the simple swains and dapper cocknies; Power—the best paddy on the stage—whose beautiful county Tip'rary brogue is quite “neat as imported;” Egerton, who plays the white pocket handkerchief heavy business and the ghosts very laughably, and Sulli and Clitus very creditably; Bartley, who, when clad as an alderman, seems to be made up of mock turtle and madeira; Ward, a heavy, but respectable makeshift, of the Bath school, for Kemble and Young; Jones—matchless in the brisk young blackguards of farce, who fleece tailors and help their friends, the walking gentlemen, to run away with rich wards—the most pleasant flash gentleman's gentleman, merry coxcomb, fool of fashion, Brush, or Poppleton on the boards; Rayner, who makes a very passable countryman, if one could but forget Emery; Meadows for the minor hawbucks; and many others of less note (and one or two good men, perhaps, whom we may have forgotten for the moment); besides the two main pillars of the house, Charles Kemble and Young:—the former admirable in Marc Antony, unrivalled in Cassio, and the finest representative the modern stage possesses of those gay and gallant creatures of the dramatists—the heroes of romance—who enthral hearts, break heads, and do other glorious deeds, the mere relation of which would “draw nine souls out of one weaver;” who bears no brother near the throne in the Jack Absolute walk of comedy, except Robert William Elliston; whose Hamlet and Friar Tuck are both very good; who is the best Mirabel and Archer we have; who enacts “Old Rowley” in the disguise of a sailor capitally, and Romeo—but here we must stop—Charles Kemble's Romeo is a general

favourite ; for our own part, we must confess, that it does not please us. He plays the character well ; but his face is too manly and his form too middle-aged for the amorous Mantuan boy. This is not his fault ; still it is a heavy drawback on the performance. When we look at his legs, inspect his girth, and glance at his sage face, we immediately forget the Montagues and Capulets. Charles Kemble's figure fits exactly into the character of the brave English bastard Falconbridge ; but no one who has read "Romeo and Juliet" would ever fancy the pale and passionate Italian youth, the young bridegroom of the budding daughter of Capulet, to be such a stout-timbered gentleman as Mr. Charles Kemble. He makes himself look as lady-lorn and lackadaisically romantic as possible, but still he is in appearance any thing but Romeo ; his figure will not allow it. A man may easily stuff himself into a Falstaff, but he cannot spoke-shave his person, if portly, to a semblance of the poison-selling Apothecary.—Young—gentleman Young—is the best Stranger, Pierre, and Beverley, on the boards ; but too heavy for Hamlet ; too studied and artificial for the splendid son of Peru, the noble demi-savage Rolla ; too tame and declamatory for the crook-backed tyrant whom Shakspeare has endowed with the spirit of Moloch and the tongue of Belial ; a middling Macbeth ; a clever Iago ; and a most excellent Brutus. Many of the staunch partisans and determined admirers of Young—and there are hundreds in whose eyes he is great in all characters—will almost hate us, write us down an ass in the tablets of their brain, for this paragraph on their Thespian idol ; others of them will say, that we sting through our honey ; that if we have taste enough to discover the classical beauties of his Brutus, we must of necessity have been struck with the high superiority of his Hamlet and Rolla ; that our written is not our real opinion on his acting in those characters, but that our pithy critique has been conceived in a mood of cold bitterness. "'Tis no such thing." If the man in the moon were to criticise

actors and actresses, he could not do so more calmly than ourself. We write as though our lucubrations were not to be read these fifty years ; we confess to partisanship in private life ; we plead guilty to having fancies and whims on theatrical subjects ; we have our favourites and our Doctor Fells both off and on the stage ; but when we treat of the merit or incapacity of the brethren and sisterhood of the sock and buskin, whether it be in pica, long primer, brier, minion, or pearl, we invariably put aside " prejudice, favour, and malice," and do our work in all honesty of heart. We repeat that Young is not a first-rate representative of all the characters which he assumes—non omnia possumus omnes.

We are bound to beg pardon of the ladies for having hitherto mentioned only one of their names. We have reserved them as a *bonne bouche*, or the dessert to our paper. We shall not take them in alphabetical rotation, neither do we mean to notice them in the order of their talents or their beauty. We shall touch upon them freely and promiscuously, as the butterfly deals with the flowers—briefly sojourning with the honeyed hyacinth, and kissing long the lowly and unnoticed margarite.

Of the luxuriant Vestris we have already written much elsewhere—we do not like to commit plagiarism on ourself—and we positively cannot discover a single rosy epithet which we have not heretofore culled to adorn a description of her person or performances. H. Jones and her sister are pretty roguish-looking girls ; the elder plays a Somersetshire wench in " The Scape Goat " with a truth and felicity of Taunton Dean diction which we have never heard surpassed ; the other's dark tresses look beautiful beneath a white satin hat ; and it is worth the price of a box-ticket to see either of them. Miss M. Glover seems to be so much the child of art, so regularly drilled into dramatic discipline, that we always fancy she looks like a puppet upon wires, managed by her mamma. Goward is far above the general run of

actresses in ability, but pretty plain in her person. Scott is one of our fair favourites. We like little in Love but her name; she is rather *Æsop*-shouldered, and squeezes herself into the most unhandsome shapes to hide it. Columbine Romer's roguish eyes "twinkle like little stars in the fair heavens;" her laughing lip wantons upon her teeth—"those pearly gates to Cupid's rosy bower"—very pleasantly. We have seen her in breeches, and her legs are loveable; she is active as a sylph, and were she to "trip it o'er the lawns," her feet are so nimble that—to quote Tom Randolph—

they would pass
Over the leas, and not a grass
Would feel their weight, nor rush nor bent
Drooping betray which way she went.

This is only a sketch of her stage face and figure; we strongly suspect that she is barely pretty in a parlour. Not so that gorgeous beauty, Miss Chester, who, whether on or off the boards, rarely, if ever, meets with her peeress. Her deportment has now become delightfully graceful, and she improves as an actress in every respect. What a living glory she looks! The other beauties of the stage dwindle into mere trumpery dolls by her side.

Chatterley is on the wane.—Mrs. Sloman is a tolerably good tragedy actress; but nature fashioned her face in a slovenly mood.—Miss Lacy is a highly-talented young lady; we profess ourself to be an admirer of her performances, but not of her person; the former are excellent—the latter rather too reedy. We were never in love with the features of Paton, although we are by no means insensible to the seductiveness of her singing. Our enthralled ear luxuriates in her "sweet sounds;" but we make it a rule to listen without looking at that "antre vast" from which they gush. Her mouth is, or seems to us to be, so roomy, that the sight of it removes the spell created by her delicious voice. Mrs. Davenport is without a rival in her department of the drama; her dowagers are quite as good as the ladies of a certain

age of Mrs. Glover, and these approach as near as possible to perfection in the art. We remember few things better than Mrs. Glover's Widow Warren : there were more tears shed during one scene of her representation of Frank's mother, in Morton's " School for Grown Children," than throughout the whole performance of many a pompous tragedy.

Miss Jarman is a pretty good actress, and rather a pretty woman ; Cawse is said to be comely and promising ; Mrs. Bedford has a neater foot than any other dancer on the stage ; Miss Henry—what can we say of Miss Henry ? I'faith, simply that there is little to be admired, and nothing to be objected to about her.

Should curiosity, or what not, lead you into the slips or ~~the saloon~~, you will there find several other foolish young and old fellows fluttering (poor moths !) about the flames. Whether you be a bachelor or a Benedict upon furlough, if you happen to stray among this collection of artificial flowers, perhaps you had better only " stand by a looker-on." But do as you like—we shall not take the trouble to get up a long sermon on the subject ; our intention is merely to drop a hint here and there as we proceed that may be beneficial if taken ; we have already told you, that you may as well be quiet if you go to Bartlemy ; we have advised you, if you are no billiard player, to avoid the balls ; and when we take you to a punch-house, we may probably mention, that it is better to drink discreetly than to make yourself mad-drunk ; but on no matter of this sort do we mean to fulminate a homily at your head. Our intention is, we repeat, merely to drop you a brief and pithy exhortation now and then as we jog on ; for we feel convinced, that long lectures on morality by us would never be read ; and even if they were, we strongly suspect, that they would but rarely be attended to by those who are in the heyday of youth, health, and gladness. The author of the " Night Thoughts" remarks—and he really seems to have written the verse for our especial use on this occasion—

A fever argues better than a Clarke.

CRIBB'S CRIB.

Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

PISTOL.

Cribb shall stand at the King's messe.

HAMLET.

WE have just been poring over a portefeuille of prints: Woolletts, Rylands, Heaths, Bartolozzis, and productions from the tools of divers others of less renown. This is a very pleasant way of passing an hour on one's ottoman before a chirruping fire on a January afternoon; especially after "a good dinner, well earned," which, thanks be to Providence, we indulged in some two hours ago: when we say a good dinner, we, of course, mean a good dinner as "dinners go" in these days at home. Ours of to-day consisted of a cod's skull with three fingers of the shoulder, boiled to a second, a fore quarter of house-lamb, and a good widgeon, with six glasses of pale sherry at, and two separate pints of tawney port after, our meal.—We have been waiting coffee and cigars for a friend. We hear the creak of a genuine Hoby on the stairs. Hark! It is he.

Well, Tom! how dost, lad?—Sit down. Let us see—we promised to go with thee to Cribb's to-night. Well! ring the bell for "Pru, my maid;" pour out the coffee when she brings it; and while we are getting into our wrap-rascal, look over the portefeuille. What have you there?—Ah! that's a gem—"My Lord Yarmouthe equippedde for his travelles into foreignne partes." Behold how the noble's page, seated on the crupper of his Rozinante, shelters himself from "the wind and the rain" beneath the umbrella hat-brim of my lord. Look at "the wigge and whiskerre-box" perched upon the beast's rump, and the boxing gloves

swung like saddle-bags over his loins ; bestow a glance at that domestic in the distance—his latter end is defined by a mere circle—how true, and yet how droll it looks ! The next is an engraving without a margin—an Hobbima or Ruysdael sort of woody glen, with a “ lone ladye,” prancing gaily on a proud palfrey down one of the aisles of that great temple of nature—a forest ; cannot you fancy, or almost fancy, you hear the hoofs of her steed crushing the dead leaves that flutter at the wind’s will across the sward ?—What follows ? Ah ! a most excellent engraving from “ Life in London,” a work said to be written by the historian of the prize-ring—“ fancy’s child”—Mr. Pierce Egan. It is a representation of our great ex-champion’s parlour ; the figure of Cribb is a very good portrait of that Bristolian hero of the fist. But come, sip up your coffee, and let us go and see the original. Apropos, however, of the work we have mentioned. Moncrieff, the dramatist, you remember, some seasons back, wrote a piece entitled “ Tom and Jerry,” which was performed for two or three hundred nights at the Adelphi. Prior to its production—thus the story goes—Egan had a drama in rehearsal, or thereabouts, on the same subject, at Covent Garden ; but when the managers of “ the national theatre ” witnessed the effective manner in which the minor house piece was got up, they dropped all idea of bringing out their own. This irritated, “ fancy’s child ” to a considerable degree, and the first time he met with Moncrieff, a verbal turn-up took place between them ; “ fancy’s child ” accused the dramatist of purloining his scenes wholesale from the pages of “ Life in London.” “ No, by the mass ! ” exclaimed Moncrieff, “ not so, Sir ! not at all—I’ll tell you what, Pierce, Rodwell sent me the books to read—I did so—but they pozed me for a month. I could neither make head nor tail of them. So what did I do, Sir ? Why, d—e, wrote my piece from the inimitable plates—Cruikshanks’ plates—and boiled my kettle with your letter-press—that’s the plain fact.”

Mais allons.—It is eight o'clock ; let us stroll to Cribb's. His house stands at the corner of Panton Street in the Haymarket. As you have never, perhaps, beheld the hero of Thiselton Gap, or the home of his heart, we will give you a description of both as we walk along. Light your cigar, and let us smoke as we go. A Woodville is a positive comfort in this weather. Winter is yet lord of the ascendant ; it is full a great coat colder than it was this day twelvemonth ; and old January made his appearance this year wrapped well, as Spenser says,

In many weeds, to keep the cold away ;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell ;
And blow his nayles to warm them—

Cribb, like the giants of old, hath his dwarf : “a wee tiny man,” whom Tom took into his house out of pure kind-heartedness. There he nestles—protected against gibes of the jocular and the personal tyranny of men of more inches than himself—a wren beneath the wing of an eagle.

Tom was a very athletic fellow in his prime ; but we never considered him a fine fighter. When he beat Jem Belcher, the latter had lost an eye, and already suffered a defeat from another pugilist. One of his fights with Molyneux was not, to use a phrase of the fancy folks, “exactly the sort of thing :” though Molyneux was declared to be the beaten man, Cribb gained no additional laurel by the fight. We have always been of opinion, that poor Hen Pearce, had he been well when Belcher was beaten by Cribb, would have challenged and licked the ex-champion very handsomely. We have, however, nothing to say against Tom's conduct in or out of the ring ; his honesty and bottom were never impeached, and he was always considered a powerful hitter and a lasting man. Still it is a fancy of ours, that the game chicken was more than a match for him.

In private life, Tom is civil, willing to oblige, and remarkably fond of peace and quietness in his do-

minions. When under his own roof, every spark of bellicose feeling is quelled in his bosom. If any tomtit of a Tom Nokes strikes him, he never retaliates in kind, but, to adopt his own language, he "takes and lugs him up before the Beak, and so settles the hash in a peaceful kind of way." Tom has attained a certain age, and also a certain size; in fact, he has long been too fat to fight, and, of course, will never enter the ring again as a principal—he is content enough to be the bottleholder.

His house is fitted up in the same style as Belcher's, and similar company frequent it. Flash tradesmen, professional betters, a swell amateur or two, fighters, and pugilistic reporters chat here together in so orderly a fashion, that were a novice to pop in among them, he would scarcely suspect that he was among

The tip-top lads of the bruising band.

Their language he would find mighty mysterious. But should he even be in the secret of their calling—were they to be discussing a past fight—from the gentle phrases which they would use in describing "the thwacks, and thumps, and doleful bumps" given and received by the contending parties, he would have but little idea of the punishment inflicted. The language adopted on these occasions is called, or rather miscalled, Eganism—miscalled we say, for Pierce is no more the maker of it than we are of "Paley's Moral Philosophy." He is the author and compiler of many amusing works on sporting subjects, and has merely transferred to paper, rather felicitously, the phrases which he found ready-made in the mouths of those men who were the subjects of his pages.

To beat a man blind, in their tongue, is merely "darkening his daylights"—nothing more in the world; to "tickle his sneezer," is breaking his nose; to "feel for his knowledge-box," means, in plain English, to give him a blow on the head; drawing blood, is in Eganism, "tapping the claret;" "grassing" a gen-

tleman, knocking him down; if a pugilist is beaten senseless, there's nothing the matter—"he can't come to time"—"can't keep his appointment"—that's all; to "tip him a tie-up," is to give him a blow that bends him neck to heels; if a fancy blade offers you a "twist in the bread-basket"—beware—he is going to treat you with a hit in the stomach; "a bellyful," is a tremendous drubbing; and a "glutton," one who can take it without flinching; your eye is a "peeper;" the head, on which you set so much value, a "pimple;" and when one of the fancy dies, the survivors say, that he has "stepped below,"—"took it in snuff and toddled"—"not at home"—gone to see his friends—"mizzled"—"morrised"—or "muffed it!"

Thus do the Eganites, in a vein of fine philosophy, express the direst bodily calamities by a set of ordinary phrases, which by their application become poetical. We would fain cull a few more of the fancy's flowers, but here we are at Cribb's. Enter—enter and behold—

The giant strong, and eke his dwarf also,
Within this fortalice, with many mo'
Of high renown, and courage dauntless all.

DIVANS.

CLOWN.—Where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

FROTH.—I have so.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WE have no affection for the memory of that King of England, who attempted to strangle smoking in its cradle: to the brave, the adventurous, the accomplished Raleigh—the poet, statesman, soldier, and historian, we often "quaff the grateful cup," for having introduced the "herb divine" among the inhabitants of our part of the world. Tobacco was looked upon as

a most filthy weed on its first appearance in this country ; its smoke was called the devil's breath, and those who used it lashed by the dramatists of the day as foolish and affected humorists. In Spain and Holland, tobacco obtained popularity much sooner than it did in England ; but we are now, to all intents, a smoking people. It is, however, a matter of great marvel to us, that out of the many who smoke in these our own days, that so few smoke well. There is scarcely one accomplished glowworm to be met with among a thousand " whiffers of the weed." We have often employed our pen in detached hints on this subject ; and, in composing matter for the present work, we prepared a set of rules for the benefit of the smoking portion of our readers—or rather those among them, who are not so old in the craft as ourself. We cannot, we imagine, introduce them more appropriately than under the present head. Here, then, do they follow.

Twelve Golden Rules for Smokers.

1.—In choosing your cigars attend to these precepts : try their flavour on the palate of your nasal feature—a box of good Havannahs is a most delicious nosegay ; reject such as are ragged in their jackets ; and, above all, beware of purchasing a cigar that has lost his nose—the little twist at its taper end ; avoid the soft yielding ones—they have not a bellyful—there is no substance in them—they will not outlive above a dozen hearty puffs ; meddle not with those which seem to have hard, stubby knots beneath their outer skins—there are stalks in them which, if you be young in the craft, will impede your smoking ; choose a neat, sound article, that is neither so hard as a stick, nor soft as the pith of a rush, but moderately firm, tight, and elastic—yielding a little to moderate pressure from the thumb, but resisting in its heart, if you attempt to flatten it.

2.—A small, well-made cigar contains a greater portion of leaf, and smokes more pleasantly, than a big-bellied large one. We have generally found the

dwarf to contain "that within" which the giant usually lacks. The real foreign-made cigars are frequently but little thicker than the stem of a large pipe; but they are so well rolled that they live a long time in the lips.

3.—The finer the leaf is in texture, the milder it is, generally speaking, in flavour; the dark, rough cigar, that feels as though it had been buried in a sepulchre of sand, is usually of a rougher flavour. But you must not judge of a cigar entirely by its coat; pearls of little price are sometimes locked in golden caskets; the most beautiful broad-cloth often covers a ragged shirt made up of most "filthy dowlas;" and we have frequently found trashy tobacco folded in a most dainty leaf. The respectable manufacturers, who have a credit to lose, of course are not often guilty of this trick; but there are rascals, you know, in all trades. Moreover, there are so few out of the many who smoke, really cognizant of the difference between the smack and odour of good and bad tobacco, that we should not be surprised to find some cigars of the fabric we have mentioned, put forth as the primest, in the shops of men of good fame and reputation. In nine cases out of ten, the fraud would not be discovered, and in the tenth, the tobacconist would (and we dare say this is sometimes the fact) make his peace by the tender of a more choice article, and a compliment on the acuteness and taste displayed by his customer.

4.—Supposing you now to have "caught your fish," we will endeavour to give you a few plain and easy directions "how to cook it." In the first place, moisten it lightly and delicately with your tongue; pass your finger gently round it—a cigar should be used tenderly as an infant dove—with soft, lady-like touch close up its seams; and if, in case you have purchased a quantity, you meet with one now and then that has a hole in its coat, first wet, and then remove a sufficient portion from another part, with which you may mend the rent by the aid of your tongue. But, beware, that in attempting to cover one gap you do not make two;

with caution you may easily remove enough of the outer leaf at the thicker end to plaster up a hole which, if left open, would mar your smoking.

5.—Do not suffer the tobacconist to give you a wet cigar ; to the connoisseur it smells very unpleasant in smoking. The wrapping leaf should be just bedewed by your tongue, as you will read in the sequent dogma ; but the heart of a cigar should be dry as well as sound.

6.—The cigar being thus prepared for the lips, let us say a word or two about its ignition. A flame ought never to be used for this purpose. We do not mean that you should poke your weed between the bars of the grate, and so scorch half the vitality out of its body ; but we strongly recommend you, if you would smoke luxuriously, to illumine the butt-end of your cigar with camel's dung, tobacco tinder, charcoal, or any of the usual flameless steady-burning materials, which are sold at the shops, under a dozen different names, for this purpose. If you put a cigar to a flame, it often lights raggedly ; and, if you are not a proficient, is liable to smoke uneven or lopsided. This is unhandsome, and by no means pleasant. A good cigar in the lips of an adept in the art dies away to ashes in beautiful regularity. The progress of the fire is equal from its skin to its core, and the tip of pale blue ashes, breaks out from the exterior leaf, at a like distance from the mouth all round, so that the bourne betwixt the living and the consumed parts is a well-defined circle. A bad smoker, on the contrary, often burns the heart, without consuming the skin, or draws the fire up one half of the cigar, leaving the other side unsmoked and useless. Allow us just to add that, in ordinary cases, a proficient cares but little about how he lights his cigar. We are dogmatizing for those in their noviciate ; but the most accomplished of whiffers, when luxuriating, consider a stick of camel's dung a desideratum. Another trifling addition—be it remembered, that when we speak of the beautiful regularity with which an adept smokes his cigar, we allude to smoking in a room ; out of doors in

a high wind, or even in calm weather on a coach, the best of smokers cannot make their fire work regularly—it will obey the wind and swerve.

7.—Your cigar being properly lighted, that is to say, the extremity of its thicker end being steadily and evenly fused, proceed forthwith to suck. Now attend to us, will you—a cigar can never be thoroughly enjoyed through straw, quill, or tube of any description—a genuine smoker despises these things—ergo, use neither.

8.—It is a common—a vulgar—a mighty foolish—a very ridiculous custom, to bite off the end of the cigar—the nose or twist of which we have spoken in our first dogma. For our own part, we would not give five farthings for fifty cigars if their twists were destroyed. The curl at the end of a cigar is its nucleus—its navel; a thing which it was never intended should be destroyed. Without it, a cigar loses its charms—smoking is no felicity; the outer leaf becomes untwisted long before the article is half consumed; instead of having a tight, firm, comfortable peak between your lips, you hold a foul, ragged, washy, sucked, disgusting little bunch of leaves, and the smoke rises to your mouth in huge billows, frequently bearing with it the finer portions of the ash, instead of gliding in pure, slender streams upon the delighted palate. All this is avoided by retaining the twist on the end of your cigar. “But how do you make it draw?”—have we oftentimes been asked—“do you prick it with a knife?” By no means; that would be as bad as biting the nose off—we do no such thing. We neither puncture, tear, or scarify our cigars; we twist their noses as tight as possible; we inhale the odorous and palatable vapour, filtrated from impurities, as it were, through the leaves; and we do declare, upon the honour of a gentleman; that we have rarely met with a cigar which we could not draw—aye, and draw pleasantly too. The tobacconists and smokers in general—we allude to the mob—will tell you it is impossible to smoke a cigar without taking off its twist. Don't believe them—they are muffs—

attend to us, and we engage, that you shall smoke in this manner, and enjoy smoking more than ever you did previous to your adopting our mode. Our disciples in the whiffing art, have all been at first astonished at this system ; but after one or two trials, they have not only admitted its feasibility, but lauded it for its excellence. Try it ; but first peruse, and hoard up in your brain, what we are going to lay down as a cigar-law in the following dogma.

9.—When you begin to draw your cigar, do not stick a mere barley-corn's length' of the end of it between your lips, as though you were afraid of the taste of it. Put full one half or two thirds of it into your mouth, suck lustily for a few seconds to open its pores, and thereafter it will draw delightfully. So soon as you can work it with ease, thrust it out from the interior of your mouth ; suffer about an inch of it only to repose lightly between your lips, and puff away with comfort. But don't strangle the babe ; don't squeeze it so tight in its infant state, that no breath from its living fire can pass upwards ; stick not your teeth into it, but kiss without tightly pressing its throat. Sucking and strangling a cigar are widely different acts ; you should just keep your lips close enough to prevent any air from entering your mouth but through its fused end, and no more.

10.—A cigar should never be lighted twice. The ashes of the deceased fire emit fumes of the most filthy flavour.

11.—Many persons use a neat little instrument instead of the hand, to remove the cigar from the lips ; we find no fault with the fashion, but that it looks priggish. For our own part, when taciturn, we scarcely ever take the weed out of our mouth until its fire approaches close enough to singe our mustachios—if we wore any. We never drink or expectorate when smoking, and have therefore neither of the two usual motives for removing the cigar. Should you, however, have occasion to take the cigar from your lips, for the purpose of speaking, laughing, dallying with your stock of smoke, or

doing any thing else, if you use your fingers—and they are far better than the best of instruments for this occasion—don't thumb the darling, as the uninitiated do ; but with your palm towards your face, take the cigar lightly round its waist, between your fore and middle finger, and replace it in the same manner : this is more orthodox, graceful, and convenient, than the thumb and fore-finger fashion.

12.—You can never be looked upon as an accomplished glowworm, or, what is a far more important consideration, you will never enjoy a cigar in perfection, if you adulterate its flavour on your palate with potations. Strictly speaking, a man should never taste liquid of any description while smoking ; but should you smoke ~~half-a-dozen~~ or a dozen cigars or so of an evening, and ~~suffer a tolerable interval to occur between your third~~ and fourth or sixth and seventh, a cup of Mocha, or a glass of Rhenish, is pleasant enough. After you have finished smoking, of course you may drink what you please. Should you be unable to smoke without drinking, take coffee or claret, but coffee is the better of the two : grog, beer, punch, and most of the usual wines, are improper, if you would fain have the taste of the delicious breath of a true Havannah upon your palate ; they are fit only for those who are satisfied with a twist of plantain leaf, or vile shag in a pipe of clay.

Poor Tom Dermody, in one of his poetical rhapsodies, after hailing tobacco as the

solace of the wounded heart,
Whose fumes ambrosial joys impart,

and expressing the delights of drawing “ the brisk, delicious tide,” in snug chimney-corner, talking the while

Of things obtruse,
By its sweet vapours more supplied
Than by the muse,

calls down blessings on the man who first sowed the seed of that “ bland comforter of all poor bards.” We

ourself, though not so enthusiastic as the ill-fated young poet, would fain pour libations to the memory of him who first fabricated the cigar, did we but know his name. His bust, could we procure it, should be exalted in our domestic divan, upon a pedestal constructed of Cabana cases, and its brows be encircled with a leafy wreath of brown tobacco. The discovery of a new mode of smoking, as Gliddon says, in his placard, by rolling up ~~the leaf itself~~, and making it perform the office of its ~~own pipe~~, was a most happy one for those who delight in the ~~occidental herb~~. The old clay bowl and tube adulterate the taste of ~~the tobacco~~ by a filthy twang of burnt earth which we have ever ~~abominated~~; the meershaum and hookah are well enough, but ~~they are neither~~ so pleasant nor convenient as a cigar, which has now become the soldier's joy—the bachelor's darling—"the idol of a million."

Oh, thou sweet, "berry-tinted Yarico!" the blushing queen of the garden, the lady rose, much loved of poets, succumbs to thee; for there is flavour as well as odour superior to her own in thy silent sighs. Thy life is like the May-morning dream of a doating maid; from the moment when the Promethean fire infuses life into thy bosom—from thy first infant breathing, to that which terminates thy brief, but beautiful existence, thou dwellest upon the lip that loves thee, and diest in a kiss! Thou art kindled into being by an hymeneal torch; thy maidenhood endures but for a moment; thou art wedded almost as soon as vivified; and if thou art not gentle and obedient as becomes a bride, thy divorcement and death ensue together! From the sorrows of widowhood thou art exempt; thou never hast a second lord. Nor myrrh, nor frankincense, nor all the spicy gems of the hot East, can equal the richness of thy breath: thou art born in fragrance, and thy death excels in sweetness that of Araby's bird, the plumed Dido of the fabulists, who builds and fires her own funeral pile; for thou expirest not amid the incense of gathered spices, but upon a cloud of thine own odorous sighs! Enough of this—

In the month of February, 1825, Mr. Gliddon, a man well known as a choice collector and retailer of rare snuffs, and noticed by Blackwood as generally having the best cigars in the market, opened a very elegant Cigarium at the back of his shop in King Street, Covent Garden. The Divan, for so he called it, by the beauty and taste of its fittings up, the comfort it afforded, the excellence of the cigars purveyed, its central situation, "the fine drinks, and warmth, and quiet, and literature"—for its tables were covered with papers, periodicals, and standard works of piquancy—fully merited; and soon obtained popularity. Two others were afterward set up, one in Catherine Street, and the other near the Temple gate; but they were by no means equal to the original, which was, in fact, a little paradise to the smoking lounge. The walls were handsomely draperied; but in this particular an alteration has taken place, it being found that the cloth, or whatever material was used for the purpose, held the smoke. In other respects, as well as we remember, the Divan looks nearly as it did when it was first opened. Filthy gas, the fumes of which would pollute the pure Havannah atmosphere of the place, has been wisely excluded, and handsome ground-glass lamps, in which oil of fine quality only is burnt, are used; they shed a rich, mellow, subdued light, which is far more pleasant than candles could afford; and, what is more material, they are void of offence to the choicest nostril. Here a man may smoke in luxury, obtain a cup of capital coffee, and feed his curiosity with the tattle of the day from the best publications. The company may be described as a pleasant, gentlemanly miscellany—"theatre-goers, officers, who have learnt to love a cigar on service, men of letters, and men of fortune, who have a taste for letters, and can whirl themselves from their own fire-sides to these." We are often to be found at the Divan; we profess a fondness for it, and that there are few places of evening resort, to us, so pleasant and unexceptionable.

At the other Divans there are more characters of

humour, more eccentrics, and persons who make themselves conspicuous than at the quiet, decorous Cigarium of Mr. Gliddon. Several droll folks start up to our mind's eye, whom we have met with on our occasional visits to the Rural, in Catherine Street, and its twin parody in Fleet Street on the original Divan; but all of them are so well known in print or person—with one exception—that to describe them here would be a matter of little gratification either to ourself or our readers. The exception we shall dwell upon. Our friend D. is a character—an original—hitherto unnoticed, at least by the pen-and-ink draftsmen of the day; and we fancy him to be a fit subject for a lively, pleasant, good-humoured little sketch. We were considerably surprised at meeting with him at a Divan, for D. never smokes.—“What the deuce brings you here?” quoth we, elevating our brows, and staring at the little man as though we were not positively satisfied of his identity; “what do *you* do at a Divan?”—“You should not be surprised,” replied he, “at finding a citizen of the world any where—that is, at any place upon which decorum has not set its ban. Here I am, Sir, and here I mean to be, on my occasional visits to the murky metropolis, sipping my coffee from six till seven, jocund as the lark who has just breakfasted on a dew-drop. They told me that coffee was nowhere to be had in such rich perfection as at a Divan; it is a drink in which I delight, though, perhaps, by no means equal to water—capital water, observe; and I was determined to ascertain the truth of the report. Indeed it's very good, far better than common coffee-house or home-made coffee, I assure you. It's a pity that tea and coffee were unknown in the days of the divine Pythagoras.”—We met D. many times afterward at the Divan by appointment, and while he discussed the “luxury of Turkey-land,” we smoked our cigar and listened to the voluble old gentleman's amusing anathemas against eating flesh and drinking fermented liquors. We will attempt to sketch an outline of his person. Imagine

you see a lean, wrinkled, but blooming countenance, smiling beneath an old straw hat, value twopence ; a little round, grisly pate in active motion, tied to a pair of moderately-sized shoulders by two or three folds of coarse muslin ; a broad frill fluttering in the wind ; a coat, evidently made by woman's hands, of slate-coloured jean ; a waistcoat of similar material, the flaps of which are usually fastened by the lower button only ; nether garments of very small dimensions, but still " a world too wide " for his lean hams, quite loose at the knee-bands, from each of which a droll little leg shoots downward, and loses itself in a barge of a shoe big enough for a coalheaver. Imagine you see such a figure threading the mazes of a London crowd with matchless velocity, and you have in your mind's eye the gentle, mild, whimsical old boy—the little citizen of the world—the Horace-loving hosier—the second walking philosopher—the admirer of Seneca and spring-water—our bland, vigorous, and urbane old friend, E. D. the modern disciple of Pythagoras.

He does not believe in the doctrine of transmigration, but he will eat nothing that has ever had the breath of life in its nostrils. His food consists, as he himself has sung,

Of genial fruits of garden, orchard, field,
Milk, honey, water recently distilled ;
Which no vile salts, no caustic oils display,
To burn the blood or tear the tubes away ;
But plastic earths, soft lymph, and balmy air,
Innoxious luxury ! Ambrosial fare !

We have taken a walk or two with him—he calls two or three hundred miles a walk—and we pledge ourself that he practises what he has preached. He will dine on a turnip or a potatoe—raw or cooked he cares but little which—make an excellent dessert on a few bunches of nuts, plucked in the road-side copse, and eaten while the vegetable life is strong within them. Dr. Kitchener has told us, that if an oyster be not swallowed while absolutely alive its flavour and spirit are lost ; that he

should be so dexterously transferred from his little pearly parlour as to be unconscious that any thing is the matter "till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death." Long before "The Cook's Oracle" was published, our old friend D. had frequently been eloquent to us on the difference of smack on the palate between a healthy young dwarf York, sugarloaf or savoy, cut in the country, and popped into the pot living—as John Bull boils his lobsters—and those corpses of cabbages which are bought at the London greengrocers. In the bleak days of January, "in winter moist," he selects a "drier fare from seeds," or

Fine garden plants, warm celery, and fruits,
Beet, turnip, parsnip, onion—root of roots!

These, he would have us believe, impart strength to the limbs and spirits to the heart. These, quoth he, meaning the onion, root of roots, &c.

our health and charms improve,
And strew fresh roses on the cheeks of love!

This last line will probably make you stare, or laugh, or put you in a pet; perhaps you will think we are gammoning you; but, in sober truth, we are not. Our friend's work is published, under the title of "The Regimen of Health," and a very readable book it is: you shall have a few more strange and pleasant extracts, from it before we have done with D. Every quotation throughout the remainder of this article shall be from his own writings. If you don't like the sample, turn on to the next subject, and so avoid them.

Our little Samian is one of the best-humoured fellows we know; he is fond of upholding his principles in conversation, but he does so gaily, and without being dogmatic; he abuses the system of feeding upon dead flesh, but it is always in the most lively and unoffending manner. We have heard some fools call the little man a fool to his face, for preferring beans and butter to roast beef and plum pudding; but neither quip, nor

jeer, nor open insult, can ruffle the philosopher's temper on this subject. On such occasions, we have seen him smile cheerfully, and reply by a quotation from Claude Quillet or Lucretius upon temperance ; a passage from Dr. Lambe or Daubenton on the efficacy of a vegetable diet ; a few lines from " the learned, the humane, the good-natured Pluturch " as to the crudities that are to be feared from eating flesh ; or half a page from that part of St. Pierre's works, where he avers that those who subsist on vegetables are the bravest and handsomest of mankind. At other times we have known him call for more cauliflower and say, that if he were a fool in this respect, he belonged to a brave band, to-wit—Eparinondas, Archytas, and a thousand other great men in the old golden days of Greece ; the celebrated Howard, John Priestly, Walking Stewart, Dr. Cheyne, the Earl of Chesterfield, Governor Elliot, and hundreds of others of our nation, and numberless wise and virtuous individuals now in existence, each of whom, as D. avers, " eats decent like a man," that is to say, upon " beet, turnip, parsnip, and onion—root of roots."

It will readily be imagined by those who have met us in other pages than these, that we are no fellow of the Samian school ; nevertheless we and the Pythagorean have been as comfortable with each other as though we were one of the old Greek's most staunch followers. We have often dined together in country towns ; *our* fare has been of the best fish, flesh, fowl, ale, spirits, and wine, that we could obtain ; his (we use his own words) " herbs, tender, fresh—the amylaceous roots," " pure element," or " exhilarating tea." While we were comforting our inward man at nightfall with a jorum of toddy or a jug of punch, he would actually grow gay over a cup of water ; and " tune the vocal strings to temperance." He would talk of

The green old age ! the second youth it brings ;
then elevating his strong, mellow voice, and flourishing energetically his bony little arm in the air, exclaim,

with all the enthusiasm of a poet reciting his own lines—

What limbs elastic—strength to stand the load
Of seventy suns ! What spirits on the road !
A sparkling front, a chest in genial glow,
Like Etna, snow at top, and fire below !

After another draught, he would talk gaily, but modestly of the girls, “ their eyes of fire and lips of roseate bloom ;” describe the pleasures of such a being as himself, who after having lived like the great and small rabble—“ the rabble and the rational are two”—after having fed like an alderman on what are commonly called the good things of this life, for full fifty years—“ the muse was long to blame”—at once bade adieu to living in town and feeding, like a carnivorous animal, upon flesh, turning away from

“ London’s golden views
To bow’rs and books, to friendship and the muse”—

from the thorny paths of care, the turmoil of a town life, and bustle of a large establishment, “ to little business just enough for health ;” from the dingy alleys and crowded streets of the smoky metropolis, “ to liberal walks the hills and dales among ;” who wanders during the stroll-tempting part of the year from county to county, with a pleasant author in his pocket, and no heavy burdens at his heart, “ by copse or dingle, heath or murmuring brook,” turning occasionally towards the village or country town, where his old friends abide, to “ pick up an order—cup of gay souchong ;” and thus holding communication with the spirits of past ages—looking cheerfully forward to the future—serene, healthy, and vigorous himself, and making others feel as pleasant as he can—

“ Commerçant, ambles down life’s dusty hill.”

There are few men, perhaps, who love good living better than we do ; a town life has innumerable ties upon us ; yet, as we breathe, we have more than once

envied gay, happy, old D. who grows as merry upon bohea as we do on brandy-bottoms ; whom the pure cup, proffered by the lily hands of the Naiads, exhilarates as much as manly claret doth us ; who can breakfast on a bunch of currants, lunch on a lettuce, dine upon a few carrots, and laugh at the world's cares with nothing but water in his belly and a jean jacket to his back, on the coldest day in December. We have walked over a bleak hill with him and listened, as well as our chattering teeth would suffer us, to his quotations from Horace, which he spouted with as much warmth and energy as we could have done, had we been seated upon a snug sofa by the side of a laughing sea-coal fire in our own delicious home—the snuggery of our heart. We are no chicken, be it known, but, by our Lady, we have frequently on such occasions been cold and silent as a cucumber, while he has been hot, spluttering fiery breath, and altogether comfortable as a roasting apple. The man's a miracle, and, if he did but smoke, would, we think, be one of the most cozy old blades upon "earth's green bosom wide." He must have been possessed of more courage than most of our fellow-citizens, after having lived well for half a century, to forego his glass, his savory suppers, sirloins and soups, wines, whim-whams, and woollens, and live upon the mere auxiliaries of his former feasts, clothe himself in cold jean, and drink nought but cat-lap, or water distilled, which he, good fellow, calls benignant drink on earth.

D. has now stuck to a vegetable diet for about fifteen years ; he is sixty-five years of age, or thereabouts ; walks about three thousand miles per year ; trots up to town now and then to take a peep at the old hosiers and glovers of his acquaintance ; looks in occasionally at the Divan to get a cup of superior coffee without cigars, and appears as likely to live thirty years as three. May his path be pleasant !

DRURY LANE.

I'll begin with the women.

ROSALIND.

THERE is a sad dearth of beauty at this theatre. Mrs. West is the only handsome woman in the company. "The Stephens" is most bewitching, but not very beautiful. Mrs. Yates is clever and lady-like, but not very pretty. We should as soon fall in love with the monument as Mrs. Bunn; she is, nevertheless, a fine figure in the eyes of some persons, and possesses considerable abilities for the sterner heroines of tragedy; Pinçott still retains some resemblance to the features of her uncle, Wallack—but we fancy that she has lately dwindled from pretty to passable. We like not the long noses of the sisters of our lost darling, Miss M. Tree; neither does Bell Paton please us in any respect. Little Graddon was beginning to grow agreeable when she withdrew from these boards: of Kelly we have spoken elsewhere in these pages. Mrs. Orger is as clever an actress as ever, but time has withered her charms. We have heard that Mrs. Davison was once a fine woman; if so, it must have been before our time—her talents have always appeared to us of a high order; we should much like to see her in some of the old ladies which Mrs. Edwin played the last season of her engagement at this theatre: of the beauty or abilities of Mrs. Harlowe, in her best days, we never thought much—age has improved neither—she was always very useful, but by no means ornamental; at least, in our opinion. Few persons, we should imagine, have broken their hearts for Miss Cubitt: Mrs. Noble is graceful, and eminent for activity; but did she still write herself spinster, and we were a bachelor of four-and-twenty, by the mass, she would have no more chance of ensnaring our heart than Tom Thumb had of devouring

King Pepin : Amelia Barnet, the Columbine, is much loved of many—her eyes are dark and brilliant as any of those which shone amid the “gorgeous palaces” of old Jerusalem—it is most true that she is agile and indefatigable in her vocation—her embonpoint “cap-a-pee” may be deemed seductive—but to please us she is rather too stout for a girl of nineteen.

Kean can scarcely be reckoned among the company : Wallack and Cooper are the two leading men in serious business ; they are considered to be on a par—for our part, we prefer Wallack ; he is not so heavy as Cooper, is more graceful, possesses greater knowledge of stage effect, and in melodrama is decidedly superior. Pope, who once “bore no brother near the throne” in public estimation, as the representative of Othello, Romeo, and Pierre, has now dwindled into a cipher. Braham, who is here, still remains the king of song. Horn, like Tom Cooke, rarely rises above, and seldom sinks beneath, the line of mediocrity, as a stage-singer. Little Knight’s post is still vacant ; Edwin is a mere apology for him—if the man has talent, it is still in the rough—his north-country dialect is, we dare say, very correct, but he deals it forth too broadly by half ; in striving to be extremely natural he becomes almost unintelligible ; the middle circles of society in the city of York would find some difficulty in comprehending him—to the mixed audience of Drury Lane Theatre his words are often mysterious as Chaldee or Arabic. Mr. Browne is tolerable in all characters he attempts ; but he excels in none. Of the merits of Dowton in Doctor Cantwell and Major Sturgeon, as well as Sir Anthony Absolute, and other principal comic characters in the old line, we are fully sensible ; his two great faults are a little too much violence to the minor actors who happen to be on the stage when it is his cue to be in a passion, and a great deal too much grossness in depicting the effect of an amorous fit in the actions of an old boy of threescore. Gattie would have gone to his grave without a single feather in his cap, had it not been for the production of “Monsieur Tonson,” in which he played the Tom-

King-afflicted Morbleu most exquisitely; he scarcely ever discovers a particle of humour in any other character. O. Smith is a famous pantomime man; and G. Smith is a good bass singer—he would play a “gruff cottager,” we doubt not, very properly, if the rogue had not such a miserable “study.” One of the few personages of the Christmas pieces, which stick fast to our memory, is G. Smith’s Beadle, in the Olympic pantomime of “The Piper’s Son;” it was no less droll than natural. Tayleure is great in Tag; Archer and Hooper extraordinary in nothing; and Harley pleasant, lively, and sparkling in every thing. In the genteel-peasant line he is without a rival. There is no asperity, no rough edge on his acting; although brilliant with freaks and vagaries, it is round, smooth, and exquisitely titillating: so much action in any other man would appear outrageous; but every unexpected twitch or fidgetty motion of Harley’s body and limbs seems indispensable. We would not even bate him one of his droll, saucily-submissive cringes. He manages so well that his action never runs away with him—he can subdue it at pleasure; he reins it in for a moment, and the next suffers it to caper and gambol away again with redoubled spirits. What a Hector he makes! how will he swagger, and bully, and look as if he blinded himself as well as others, and dreamed for a moment that he was just as brave as he seemed. What a plausible stare he assumes when an aspersion is cast on his manliness! The fierce outthrusting of his chin is most whimsically terrific: we have seen him look alarmed at his own vallant words, and wonder at the prowess of his breath. In a part which he enacted some time ago, in a new comedy, he made a love speech that nobody ever thought of hearing such a boobyish-looking creature utter, and then stared with surprise and admiration at his own amorous eloquence. He looked sceptical, and as though he was not thoroughly convinced that the speech was his. It seemed to ring in his ears, and that he could hear nothing but the echo of his own words for the

remainder of the scene. What a humorous Trappanti he makes ! we have detected ourself chuckling in solitude an hour after midnight at one of Colley Cibber's jokes, uttered in Harley's best way some years before. He excels all other men on the stage in the expression of ludicrous terror ; those who doubt this should see his Phantom or " poor Popolino." In the hands of Harley they are two of the most pleasant farce characters on the stage.

Liston is altogether a different actor to Harley : he never bustles, and rarely indulges in grimace—he is one of the greatest and, in a particular set of characters, one of the most natural actors on the stage. In Lubin Log he is an embodied extract of the spirit of Tooley Street. What is there more sublimely ridiculous on the stage than his Lord Grizzle ? It is said that " he is great in Liston ;" and, truly, in whatever character this wonderful man appears, he is " himself alone"—he may talk like Tony Lumpkin, and caper as any bona fide Apollo Belvi would, but he cannot sufficiently " shake off his mortal coil," and separate himself from his parts, so as to make them all play " with a difference," as some of his brethren do. Tristram Sappy is the beau-blockhead of Winchester, and Figaro an ~~Italian~~ valet, but as Liston enacts them they are near akin : we are not disposed to wish it otherwise.—as a critic we might carp at his sameness, but as a mere play-goer we should say, that the more Listonish he is the better we like him—the more he suffers himself to break through his character the more heartily do we laugh at his performances. He is the best burlesque actor on the stage ; his face, figure, and voice, are peculiarly mock-heroic ; " from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step," and Liston just caricatures sufficiently to become prodigiously droll ; other actors in burlesque go too far in folly, and become absurd without being humorous ; they " out-herod Herod," and break down by attempting to be too bombastic ; Liston just hits the " golden mean," and this is one great cause of his success in Lord Grizzle.

His Mawworm would almost "tickle grey-bearded gravity into convulsions." Oxberry played the character more correctly, but it was not half so splendidly ridiculous.

What a walk he invented for Paul Pry! With what exquisite petulance does he d—n the fishing-rod—half aside—and jerk the ravelled line into more disorder when he is vexed! How pleasant it is to see him at once angry and pozed! He is quite as good when his back is turned to the audience, as when he is vacantly staring into the pit.

The great charm of Liston's acting is, that there is apparently so little effort in it. He walks the stage with his hands in his pockets; the other characters talk—he says not a word; but the whole house is in a fit of uncontrollable laughter at him, and him alone. He does most certainly "look unutterable things"—no author could write down words to express the mystified meaning of his countenance—his silent comment is far superior to the spoken text—and those unheard mutterings, which keep his lips in most amusing motion, infinitely better than half of the words which he utters loud enough to be audible—the matter set down for him by the dramatist.

Laporte, the French performer, has obtained a good engagement at this house; he astonishes more than he pleases—he is a clever actor, but certainly out of his element on the English stage.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

JESSICA.

It will doubtless be said, or supposed, that we labour under the same mania that afflicted poor Crockery, when we avow that the English Opera House was a greater favourite with us some years ago than it is at present.

This theatre has lately increased in consequence—it has produced operas of which the two winter houses have subsequently been glad to avail themselves—the first English stage-singers of the day have appeared on its boards—it has assumed a “pomp and circumstance” within the last few seasons to which it was formerly a stranger—but after all it is not half so lively a place to pass away a summer evening as when its entertainments consisted only of an adapted vaudeville, a merry musical interlude, and a light farce, with a few songs by that extravagant, but certainly talented punster, Mr. Treasurer Peake. Ambition hath no doubt bettered its pecuniary condition; but it hath despoiled it of much of its pleasantry. “Der Freischütz” and the “Oracle” were splendid operas, we admit; but we cannot help thinking, that they are better adapted for one of the great theatres on a winter’s evening, than the Lyceum during the reign of the dog-star. Of course we have taste enough to detest a tragedy in hot weather—it may argue a lack of gout in us to dislike a serious opera in the middle of summer—such, however, is the case. We cannot deny that we have visited the English Opera House, when Braham and Stephens were executing the popular pieces of Winter and Weber; but we must add, that we always felt on these occasions a wish, that we were in Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and that it was January instead of August—that we were thawing ourselves in the centre of a pit full of great-coated people in one of the large theatres, rather than sweltering, like an oyster in butter, among a set of fussy folks in one of the boxes at the Lyceum—we always meet with more fat people during the summer solstice than at any other time of the year, and we have frequently remarked, that those gentry, who lurk in London when half the well-to-do inhabitants of the metropolis are gone to the sea-side, are generally the porpoises of the people—that if one enters a mail-coach or a box at the theatre in very warm weather, one’s previous or subsequent fellow-tenants are, in nine cases out of ten,

sultry-looking cits, most perversely pinguitudinous, and oozing at all pores.

Some time ago the managers of the English Opera were satisfied if the house was about three parts filled—enough in all conscience for a summer theatre—it generally was so—the audience felt cool and comfortable, and the proprietors were satisfied with the receipts, because their salaries were not extravagant. Latterly it has been very different; every inducement is held out to procure a house crammed in all parts—the expenses are trebled—so are the attractions to the unthinking multitude—and so are the burning pains and penalties of the perspiring spectators. More than once, during the last two or three seasons, when dissolving our bodily juices at the English Opera House on a full night, have we smiled at our folly during the past winters in complaining of cold—beautiful cold—charming, delightful frost—and thought that heat, such heat as we then endured,

Was an antipathy to mortal frame,
More cruel far than keenest northern blast,
Or sepulchral prison of "thick-ribbed ice."

We have never fully enjoyed ourself at this theatre since those days when its principal attractions were Wrench, "easy as a glove;" Harley, dapper, whimsical, and impudent; the man with the cast-iron countenance, Wilkinson, who first came into notice on account of his excellent performance of Geoffrey Muffincap; Pearman, a pleasing singer for a house of moderate dimensions, whom we always like to hear because he cannot shake—not that we are altogether averse to this musical grace—but that those who can effect it bore our ears with its introduction hic et ubique; Carew, to whom the little blue-eyed conveyancer Barry Cornwall, of claret great-coat memory, once wrote sonnets, but who has since married and had issue by one of Basil Montagu's daughters; oleaginous Bartley; and Kelly—the pride of the English stage—the only lady we have on the boards who is at once very plain and ever pleas-

ing—passable in opera, and excellent in comedy—delightful in melodrame, and capital in country girls—good in some parts, exquisite in many, and offensive in none.

John Reeve, if we remember rightly, made his first public appearance at this theatre about the time to which we allude ; and many a pleasant evening have we passed here with such entertainment as we could glean from a piece in which Reeve gave his imitations, preceded by "Is he Jealous," or that very agreeable adaptation from the French, by Arnold, "Free and Easy," and followed by some such amusing trifle as "Walk for a Wager," "The Promissory Note," "Amateurs and Actors," or "Two Words—Silent not Dumb." Downton was at one time here, and Mrs. Pincott—Wallack's sister, the musical Miss Buggins, and puella Holtaway: Emery also played at this theatre shortly before his decease—his Giles, in the "Miller's Maid," a drama taken from one of Bloomfield's tales, was even better than his Tyke, and almost equal to his Caliban. T. P. Cooke is in the company, and has here added another leaf to his dramatic wreath by his performance of the principal character in a piece translated from a French melodrame, founded on Doctor Polidori's "Vampire;" they have also our little favourite, Keeley, whose abilities Elliston never discovered—shame on him for his blindness—during seven long years, for which term Bob was, unluckily for himself and the public, articed to the great lessee; Charles Mathews, who does comic business in the drama here in the summer, as well as monodrames in the spring; Power—the prince dominant of dramatic paddywhacks—with divers singers "of great fame and renown," and several other comic and serious actors, whom our limits, rather than our inclinations, prevent us from mentioning.

FINISH.

HOST.—Trust me I think 'tis almost day.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ON the south side of Covent Garden Market, about half way between Southampton Street and the Hummums, stands the house which was once the celebrated Finish. During the time that Mrs. Butler was hostess here it was a place of considerable notoriety: Fox and Sheridan have, it is said, been frequenters of its parlour; and many of the most noted players and poets, rakes and late roamers of the time, were in the frequent habit of passing the intermediate hours between midnight and day-break in its snug recesses: but the glory of the Finish hath passed away! Mrs. Butler retired from public life, and her old "bower of Bacchus" has long since ceased to be what it was in the days when she was its tutelary angel. Other houses in the neighbourhood have attempted imitations of the original Finish; but neither of them has hitherto shown any symptoms of equalling it. In Eden the lion lay down with the lamb, and the serpent wreathed his brilliant folds about the downy neck of the stock-dove; in some of the late-and-early houses—the half-and-half Finishes about Covent Garden—the pickpocket may be seen sipping his daffy, cheek-by-jowl, and in all amity with, the thief-taker, and the gaily-bedecked Cyprian entwining her arm about the ruddy neck of the guileless yokel:—there the dram-drinkers "come like shadows, so depart;" the poor emaciated maggot crawls in at day-break to take her last sup for the night, while the market-gardener swallows his first morning draught, and turn-outs of all classes take their "epilogues" of max.

FRENCH THEATRE.

Acts

So much applauded in the realm of France.

MESSENGER IN HENRY VI.

THE little theatre in Tottenham Street, Fitzroy Square, has for some time past been engaged for two evenings—Monday and Thursday—in each week during the winter season, by a company of French performers. Until the present year they were under the management of M.M. Cloup, Pelissié, and Laporte ; the latter gentleman has now seceded from the theatre altogether, leaving the “soirées Françaises” entirely to his two former partners, Cloup and Pelissié. The house on those evenings which are denominated, *par excellence*, French nights, has become the resort of the first fashionables in town ; and will, we trust, continue to receive that countenance and support from the public to which its sterling merits entitle it. No money is taken at the doors ; it is therefore necessary for those who feel inclined to visit it, to procure tickets of admission prior to the opening of the doors : they may be had at the libraries of Ebers, or Andrews, in old Bond Street ; Fentum’s, in the Strand ; Wilson’s, Royal Exchange ; Sams’, St. James’s Street ; Berthoud’s, Pain’s, or Low’s ; of Charles Wright, marchand de vin ; at the Diorama, the Café Français in the Haymarket, or the box office of the West London Theatre.

The best vaudevilles and comedies of the French stage are played at this house, and notwithstanding the company is not very numerous, and two or three of the performers occupy situations to which their merits do not entitle them, the pieces are very well supported. We purpose summoning the corps, one by one, before our mind’s eye, and plainly stating our opinion of

their respective good and bad points as actresses and actors. We wave our wand—

This goodly grey goose-quill,—

and Monsieur Eugène appears.—You are a very decent speaker, Sir—your face and figure are much in your favour—we think that you are qualified for better characters than any of those which we have hitherto seen you perform—we strongly suspect that you could enact some of the parts which are allotted to Daudel, much better than that gentleman, to whose merits we will presently speak.—M. Mercier, we have nothing particular to say to you—nor to you, Theodore, except that you are both rather beneath, than above, the grade of “middlemen.”

Ah, Monsieur Marius!—nay, do not hang back—we are always glad to see you, Sir : we cannot designate your performances as absolutely excellent, but they certainly evince much sterling merit : you read well, your conception is good, and your action generally appropriate ; you never degenerate into buffoonery, but, we are sorry to say, that you occasionally exert yourself too much, and “tear a passion to tatters :” moderate your occasional fits of excessive energy, and we shall like you the better. Much credit is due to you for your attention to the costume of your complexion ; you paint, or are painted (we neither know nor care which) admirably ; you hit off the pale-coppery hue of the savant or maître de philosophe, as well as the rough, weather-beaten sailor, in a manner we have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed : this, whatever some folks may think, is much in your favour. You are an acquisition to the theatre ; we trust that you will be a fixture. Who is that gentleman behind your capacious person ? Oh ! I see—Monsieur Potièr fils—a man of mighty name, but middling merit—a living proof that talent is not hereditary : there does not appear to be a single spark of humour in your composition ; we care not how soon we lose you.

Madame Degligny, in our opinion you are a lady of considerable talent; you are inferior in your walk to our own exquisite Davenport; but there are few women on the English boards who equal you in the performance of the dowagers and ancient spinsters of the stage.

Sidalie, you fancy that your eye is a liquid temptation—we are of a different opinion; it reminds us of that fox which bit us in the arm, while we were in the act of saving him from the hounds, the last time we hunted with Jolliffe in Surrey. Your deportment on the stage, young woman, is much to be deprecated. We are supposed to be a tolerably good judge of theatricals, and we pledge you our critical credit, that ogling the house is bad acting—that while a lady on the stage is showing off what she considers attractive graces, the character she ought to support frequently suffers. You seem to study how to play your person to perfection rather than your part—you perform Sidalie rather than Toinette, or Ernestine, or any other rôle of the dramatist. Your outrages upon costume are heinous—you load a mere paysanne with “pearls of price” which might well befit a peeress: you ornament your person with diamonds upon druggel; and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it still seems to be in most excellent keeping. Have we made ourself understood?—

Allix, you are rather a clever little fellow; we like your humility, Sir; you take parts infinitely beneath your abilities occasionally, but you suffer nothing in the estimation of the judicious thereby; you are young and, we are happy to say it, promising; there is much liveliness and a spice of real humour in your acting; it falls short even of second-rate at present; but, if you attend to yourself, we indulge in a hope, that it may very possibly reach to a pitch much above mediocrity.

St. Leon, you are, without exception, the most awkward French female we ever beheld. If Daudel should ever happen to be your lover in a piece, he will look like a shrimp by your side! The managers really ought to have their actresses in some degree to match with

their actors. You are too tall for this theatre by a head. They tell us that you played tip-top tragedy at the Odeon for ten or a dozen years : if so, the spectators must have had a pitiable time of it. In our eye, you seem never to have trod any boards but those of the West London Theatre, Tottenham Street, Fitzroy Square. Take our honest and well-meant advice—never, upon any occasion, wear a train ; when you have one behind you, it seems to be a dreadful incumbrance rather than an ornament ; you appear as though you did not know what to do with it—it is always in your way—a matter of constant care and uneasiness to you—you are half afraid to move with it—you cannot manage—you cannot steer it—and ever and anon you cast just such a lachrymose look at it as a persecuted cur turns to the tinkettle at its tail.

Madame Clozel, there is something very pleasant in your look and manner. You are dumpy, but “gracious in your seeming ;” you sing well enough to make us long for you during the representation of a Vaudeville, if you are not in the cast : your acting is above severe censure, when you do not attempt genteel pathos, or the lady-birds of comedy : your forte lies in such characters as the heroine of that very delicious piece, “*Michel et Christine* ;” but they humbug you who say that you play the part as well as St. Ange did : you do it cleverly enough ; still it is not equal to the Christine of St. Ange—you are too careless—you show too little feeling in those tender passages of the piece which your predecessor rendered so affecting.

Agarithe, or Agarithe Petit, we scarcely know which to call you, you are not handsome, but your countenance is intelligent—your manner stylish—and your acting in comedy superior to that of any other of your fair sisters, except Madame Degligny. You are not a star ; still, upon the whole, we are rather inclined to praise than blame the managers for importing you.

Who have we here?—“*Les deux tourterelles.*” Monsieur and Madame Daudel. Truly, Sir—but we

beg pardon—the lady first, by all means—we were about to commit a sad misdemeanour against the laws of gallantry. We have but a few words to say to you, Madame: were you younger we should advise you to study nature and Miss Kelly's manner of acting such parts as you usually perform: you seem to think, that sticking your arms a-kimbo, and thumping the table with your fist, a-la-Cribb, are embellishments to your performances of the Dorines and Jeannettes of Molière: we have not the good fortune to agree with you—the *soubrettes* of the French stage are not *poissardes*. We fancy that you hold a contrary opinion—that you think your manner of playing such characters is correct; allow us to be monitory for a moment—be assured that you are wrong; we will speak to you in the words of your great dramatist—

Crois moi, detache toi de cette erreur extrême,
Tu te flattes, ma chère, et t'aveugles toi-même.

If you should ever again accept a singing part, you would confer an obligation on us, by omitting all the songs in it. Now for you, Monsieur Daudel; we have no particular fault to point out in your representation of the genteel young lovers of minor pieces; but you are a sad stick in high comedy. You dress badly; there is a sort of Sunday gentility in your appearance—a demi-shabbiness—which is rather disagreeable. You have no tact in costume—you change your dress, 'tis true, but there is scarcely any perceptible difference in your look—you are toujours *perdrix*; you moult, but your new plumage is a mere counterpart of what you have just cast off. Pelissié is worth your studying in this matter—he is an adept in the art; we do not wish to be disagreeable—there are many walking gentlemen inferior to you—but we repeat, that your costume should be amended; you generally look like a barber on his birth-day instead of a gentleman—do not be offended—

Je n'en parle, Monsieur, que pour votre intérêt.

Walk in, Monsieur Cloup. You are a respectable, but by no means a brilliant actor ; your business on the stage is heavy and arduous—your cast of characters dull—such as afford the performer few opportunities of eliciting applause, and yet if not played with propriety become wearisome and annoying to the spectator. The man who can support a long prosing personage in a comedy, whose character and actions are totally destitute of interest—a mere necessary tool of the dramatist to carry on his plot—without once provoking censure, is an actor of no mean merit. This you frequently do ; and if you rarely produce plaudits, you generally fix attention. The critic must be fastidious who would raise many objections to your manner of representing Cleante, in the “ Tartuffe : ” this, perhaps, is your best part. Your level declamation is good ; in characters of quiet and unobtrusive humour—such as the old servant in Molière’s “ Femmes Savantes ”—you please us considerably. We cannot say much of your farce, because we have had but few opportunities of judging of your merits as a low-comedy man ; in fact, whenever you play in any of those little drolleries in which the French stage is so rich, you usually take the worst part in the piece, such as we should imagine scarcely another person in your company would be pleased to accept. We remember, however, having seen you play the old coward in the original “ Rendezvous,” and your performance of the character made us laugh very heartily. Au revoir, Monsieur.

Mademoiselle Martigny, we have seen you but once, and we are sorry that the managers have not afforded us the pleasure of looking at and hearing you again : from what we can judge of you on so slight an acquaintance, you seem to be as pretty as Constance, as good a singer as Clozel, and much more qualified for the soubrettes than Madame Daudel.

Maria, you are handsome, but awkward ; we cannot say much in praise of your talent ; you knock about your orthography in a most singular manner—truly you

ought to be taught not to be such a matricide of your mother-tongue: those who call you "the English girl" libel the females of this country: we suppose that you have obtained this title on account of your gauche and inelegant deportment.

Pelissié, we have much to say about you. Excepting Perlet, you are by far the best actor in the company—you possess many physical advantages—your voice is good, your features rather handsome and sufficiently expressive, and your form may defy criticism: you are exceedingly well versed in all the artifices of the dressing room—you produce capital portraits of some of the characters you represent—your conception and execution in these matters are excellent—your wardrobe is well-furnished—you cull your garments with taste and judgment—you are rich in wigs. We do not much admire you in the higher walk of comedy; you lack the ease and finished elegance of the fine gentleman. When we say this, we do not mean, that any other performer in the company is so well qualified to fill your characters in high comedy as yourself, or that you play such parts as Valère indifferently; you act them well, but not excellently—you want the last touch, the ultimate polish—you content, but do not delight us. Your performances in melodrame and farce are of the highest order. Were we to be asked for an instance, where the actor so embodied the sketch of the dramatist as to leave nothing to be wished for by the spectator, we should very probably mention your soldat Polonais in "Michel et Christine:" it is one of the finest pieces of acting we ever witnessed—we have seen you twenty times in the part, and never discovered your manner of playing it open to the least censure; it is capital from beginning to end; your look—your tone—your bursts of feeling, are all excellent; you identify yourself with the character—we look at Stanislas and forget Pelissié. We shall never forget your bear-leader in "L'Ours et le Pacha;" it was almost equal to your Stanislas. The characters are widely different—the one is affecting—the other a

piece of serious humour—you are eminent in both. Next to your bear-leader ranks your dandy, in the “Comedien d’Etampes; it is dissimilar to the two former characters which we have mentioned, as being your crack parts, and so is the maitre d’armes, in the “Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” to either of the three; but your performance of the last-mentioned rôle is unexceptionable. Your talents are versatile—you rank high in our estimation—we should be sorry to part with you.

Constance, you are, we believe, the last of the ladies. We are rather pleased with your manners on the stage; your person is neat, your face pretty, your voice delicate, but rather too thin, and your acting judicious: it is not characterized by such bold coquetry and assurance as we have been sorry to see in that of some of your Thespian sisterhood: you are “quite correct” in your deportment, you dress delightfully, and frequently surprise us with touches of truth, and sudden gushings forth of feeling, which make you rather a favourite with us: we are, nevertheless, bound to object to your manner of treading the boards. You trot across the stage as though your legs were tied together by half a yard of tape: we are no advocate for the strut and stride in an actress of your stamp; but we should certainly like you the better if you indulged in a trifling elongation of step.

These are the principal persons of the present regular company. Last season we were favoured with the appearance of Potier, the French Liston; and during the present spring Perlet has played several of his principal characters, in a style which fully justified the French critics in the opinion of the English visitors of the Soirées Françaises in Tottenham Street, for the high encomiums which, prior to his coming among us, they had expressed on his merits. Perlet is a first-rate actor; we have few performers on the English stage who are equal to him: he is quite as good an old man as Farren; in the intriguing valets he excels Harley; and we question

whether or no he is not equal to Mathews in sudden transformations from one character to another. He differs from all of them in many essential points. He plays the old Tutor, in the original "Scape-Goat," quite as well as that unlucky old gentleman's representative at Covent Garden, and within half an hour performs Michel, the simple countryman, in a style fully equal to the best efforts of poor little Knight. Farren could not do this; nor could Knight, in his best days, have supported the character of the kind-hearted pedant with such success as Farren or Perlet. Charles Kemble, Young, Macready, and two or three others on our stage, would be as efficient representatives of Tartuffe, were he transferred to the English stage in the same mental and bodily array that he wears in the French comedy—Doctor Cantwell is quite a different person to Tartuffe—but neither of them could personate a translated Monsieur Pique-Assiette like Perlet. Yates is a clever fellow, and was doubtless nearly as amusing as the French actor in "Lofty Projects"—but he does not possess the sterling abilities of the latter; he could not play a Crispin with half the force and effect—he would break down in the middle of Harpagon—his honest country lad would not be natural—and, if we may deduce a consequence from his Iago, the Tartuffe in his hands would be "poor indeed." Perlet is more mellow than Mathews—who in the regular drama is too hard and wiry by half—and more versatile than Liston—who, though the most laughter-moving mortal on "earth's green bosom wide," is semper idem—Liston—Liston—Liston—from alpha to omega—from the beginning of the chapter usque ad infinitum. He might make a Bourgeois Gentilhomme even more droll, though not more natural, than Perlet; but he could do nothing with such a part as Perlet's in "Le Conscriit," and would make sad havoc in a similar character to the plain old fellow who is pestered with a learned wife, which P. plays so excellently, in Molière's "Learned Ladies." There are doubtless some persons among our theatrical

corps who can sing a mock bravura as well as the subject of our present critique ; but there is not one gentleman on the English stage, who has ever been under our notice, at once capable of so doing and acting like Perlet. Liston, in *Moll Flagon*, is rich ; but he is simply Liston in petticoats—but Perlet is quite a distinct personage in the old woman of “ *Le Legataire*,” to what he is in any of his male characters, and this part he makes altogether different from his young Englishwoman in “ *Les Anglaises pour rire*.” Oh ! that awkward, hoydenish, Molly-Bull dance of his will for ever dwell in our memory ! We have seen such things as his jig in old manor houses and country ball-rooms—it is quite as true as his tufted hair and tone of pronouncing “ *Je suis timidité !*” We do not draw any comparison between Perlet and Potier, because we honestly confess, that although we have had the good fortune to witness the performances of the latter, we have not seen enough of him to qualify us to do so with justice to either. To be brief in expressing our opinion on their relative merits, Potier appears to be the best man of the two. Between Perlet and Laporte there is a wide difference. Laporte is doubtless a clever man, although the French think the contrary, and marvel at the gullibility of John Bull in admiring him ; but in sterling merit he is far inferior to Perlet. We once thought that no man could perform certain characters more pleasantly than Laporte, until we saw Perlet play the same parts : then we were at once of a different opinion ; Laporte is droll—Perlet is natural and correct. We have laughed most at the former, and been best pleased with the latter : we have not been able to resist chuckling at the freaks and vagaries of Laporte, although we felt that he was out of order, and taking unwarrantable liberties with his author ; but this is never the case with Perlet. Laporte is always humorous—Perlet is so in the proper place, but he is also invariably chaste, and sticks close to his character, which Laporte does not : the latter generally failed in regular comedy ; the former personates the characters of Molière, or Regnard, or Casimir de la Vigne, as well as

the whimsical creations, or amusing silhouettes of Scribe. A Frenchman would laugh at us for setting up Laporte in comparison with Perlet; but we write for English readers, by many of whom Laporte is well known and much admired, both as a French as well as an English actor.

Before we conclude our notice of the performers at this house, we cannot help expressing our regret at the loss which the French-play-goers have suffered in the dismissal or abdication of St. Ange and Delia. While Potier and Perlet visit us alternately we shall scarcely feel the loss of Laporte; but we have seen no soubrette on these boards equal to the bright-eyed, piquante, delightful St. Ange—no such fine lady-like creature as the handsome, elegant, and stately Delia. We can scarcely blame the managers in procuring a fresh supply of actresses, for the public began to evince towards these ladies, a carelessness of which many persons now repent. We are never satisfied to let well alone—the spectators at this theatre were not satisfied with the “continued unvaried sweetness” of the two leading female performers, and now that, in pursuance with their wishes, they are dethroned by others, they long for them again. It would be folly to aver, that there are any two ladies in the present company who are equal in talent or person to the two “lost ones.” St. Ange was worth a dozen Daudels—Clozel is beneath her—and there is not another who will even attempt her characters. St. Leon and Delia are about as much alike as the Hottentot beauty and the Venus de Medicis—and Delia’s acting was, in our opinion, superior in every respect to that of Petit. Delia, nevertheless, had her faults—as which of them hath not? They said that she had a gay heart and a strange ear—that while she turned coldly away from the dulcet tones of a flute, she was frequently gratified by the notes of a Fife. Be this as it may, (we care but little about it) we should be very glad to see her, or somebody like her, on the boards of the little theatre in Tottenham Street again.

Now, gentle reader, allow us to take you with us to

the house on a Monday evening in the middle of the season—let us go into the public boxes. There is Miss Foote, pale, withered, and worn—a blighted lily—sitting by your side: her father and mother, whose looks we do not like, are with her; behind you is the elegant and kind-hearted S——n, an exquisite, but no puppy; he is dressed with the most scrupulous regard to fashion, but the man is an ass who would dub him “dandy.” You are surrounded by beauty and fashion—the circle is small, but extremely brilliant. To begin with a minor jewel in the tiara—yonder is the well-known De Roos—we think he spells his name so; and in the next box to him sits the noble farce-writer, Glengall; farther off is my Lord Lowther; opposite lolls the Marquis of Hertford; and in a box on the right of the last-mentioned nobleman we discover the brilliant eyes of one of the Queens of Fashion—the Countess St. Antonio. That light-haired, lean, pale, ricketty, cross-eyed gentleman in the large box on the left is Prince Esterhazy, who mixes more with the “great family of man” than any other person of his rank in the kingdom. We have seen him in the morning chatting with the King, in the afternoon walking alone in Wardour Street, before dark driving a plain cabriolet down Holborn, and at night carelessly seated in his box at this theatre. Lord Belfast is another frequent visitor to this house; Hughes Ball and his treasure, Mercandotti, are to be seen here almost every evening of performance—yonder they are; Madame Brocard, the present première danseuse at the Opera, is sitting in the last box from the stage of the lower tier, *humming* “*Scots wha’ hae*;” and the Vice-Chancellor on the other side of the house looks as though he were mentally conning over a judgment which is expected from him to-morrow—“what doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight?”

Now let us take a peep at the pit. Here are fifty well-known faces about town—lords lounging for a few seconds with literati, and counsellors chatting with critics. Here is Charles Young, looking for some

friend in the boxes ; four-in-hand Savage, in a blanket great coat and a Belcher cravat, gazing at the performance, and laughing where he should, as though he really understood something about what was going on upon the stage ; Monsieur Hamon, the Gymnast of St. James's Street—who is making our youthful nobility as nimble as mountebanks—the author of a clever production, just from the press, on the *Gymnastic Exercises*, and a *Treatise on the Art of Fencing* ; Cowley, the barrister—around him are several other of the legal profession—go where you will, you are sure to meet with lawyers ; Mars, the redacteur of a very amusing French paper, published in London, entitled “ *Le Furet* ;” the gentleman in white silk stockings and dark pantaloons, with “ spectacles on nose,” and a book under his arm, is Chatelain—we think we are correct in the name—who edits another French publication, in which some observations on Caradori, a short time ago, brought the writer under the personal notice of that lady's husband.

The length, to which we have been beguiled in this paper, prevents us from indulging in a continuation of our bird's-eye-view of the pit : we must sum up our notice in a brief paragraph.

The French Theatre, “ take it for all in all,” is one of the most pleasant and elegant places of evening amusement in town. The pieces are excellently selected, and on the whole well played. Some of the fair exotics on its stage are neither agreeable nor talented ; they have no first-rate actresses ; but still the performances go off very pleasantly. Our thanks are due to the managers for affording us an opportunity of seeing some of the finest actors of the French school in London ; we have given our opinion very candidly on the demerits of some of their corps ; we have done justice, in our humble way, to the abilities of those who are talented, and, in conclusion, we assure Messieurs Cloup and Pelissié, that few among their visitors wish that success may crown their attempts at establishing a company of French comedians in the metropolis of England more heartily than ourself.

HAYMARKET.

HAMLET.—What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ.—Even those you were wont to take such delight in.

HAMLET.

THE little theatre in the Haymarket—we mean the old theatre—was, in its day, a place which we very much affected—the new house is not a favourite with us—the boxes are abominable, and altogether it is the ugliest and worst constructed theatre in the metropolis. They play tragedy here, too, now-a-days. Lord Ogleby had not a greater aversion to hot rolls in the dog-days than we have to a tragedy at the Haymarket in the middle of August; especially when one of Mrs. Glover's daughters is the heroine, and Mr. James Vining, supported by his brother, and the good-looking, but awkward Mr. Raymond, enacts the hero of the night.

Last season, the proprietors of this house reaped a prodigious harvest; "Paul Pry," and "Quite Correct," drew bumpers three or four nights a week during the greater part of the season. The principal portion of the performers are culled from the other metropolitan theatres; we have noticed them elsewhere, it would be therefore useless for us to repeat upon ourselves by dwelling on them here. In addition to Farren, Liston, Mrs. Humby—a very pretty and very affected woman—Tom Hill's wife—a clever little creature—Mrs. Glover, Miss George, and Madame Vestris, this house now possesses John Reeve, and Wilkinson, besides many actors of minor merit, among the first of whom stands Williams; the company is indeed most excellent, but they lack Jones sadly—Frederick Vining is a wretched substitute for him.

HARP.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout,
and Starveling.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

WE purpose giving a slight sketch of, but not an invitation to, this house: it is situate in Little Russell Street, Drury Lane; there the tag-rag children of Thalia—Melpomene's poor mob—congregate to discuss their past deeds and future hopes over porter or gin, according to their funds, or rather, as they phrase it, their *dram. pers.* They have "Poverty ward" for those who have little to spare and nothing to spend, and "Juniper Ward" for those who can boast of a brief plethora of pocket. They are a set of strange, wayward creatures: paint and penury have made sad havoc with many of their faces; but a draught of porter, or a go of gin, will often make them merry in the midst of misery: they will then look burly—actors are a proud race—and utter Joe-Millers in abundance, talk bravely as ancient Pistol, cut up the best performers of the day, rail against fate and fashion, tell strange stories of bad benefits in towns, and love-feats among the pretty Cowslips during their rural campaigns, of "marchings and countermarchings," retreats sans tambour sans trompette, and all the vicissitudes which occur in the checkered course of a stroller. In this mood, one will mutter "foul-murder" passages from "Macbeth," who looks as though the heart in his body was pale and watery as a boiled turnip; anon, you shall hear another—

Lothario spout like Romeo Coates,
Whose coats are up the spout!

A third will play Sponge or Jeremy Diddler in earnest—pen a note to the strange gentleman in the corner,

whose name the writer has not the honour to be acquainted with, requesting the favour of the loan of five-pence, to make up sixpence to get a glass of grog! This application was actually made to "a young gentleman about town," who happened to pop in at the Harp one evening, for the purpose of seeing something of the place and its population. The guests are, for the most part, we believe, country comedians; the Harp is accounted the head-quarters of the regiment; and here engagements with provincial or strolling managers are obtained. Stage-struck young fellows also make it "a house of call," and many mad pranks are played with them on their first appearances. Mock managers are introduced, and the would-be-tragedian tempted to exhibit specimens of his abilities, for the amusement of the waggish hoaxers.

The society of actors is much sought after, and many, who have no chance from their station in life of consorting with the higher order, take a pleasure in passing their time among those of their own level in appearance, who are to be found at the Harp. We will treat any of our readers to a rump and dozen who shall catch us within its walls.

HELLS.

I am not gamesome.

BRUTUS.

IN a work published some three or four years ago by Couchman, entitled, "Rouge et noir, or the Academicians of 1823," the author goes into very elaborate details of the art and mystery of the different games played in the modern Hells, with a view of preventing those, who may be in their noviciate, from falling a prey to the Philistines: we had an idea, at one time, of following the same course in our article on the gambling

houses, but upon consideration we determined on another:—instead of arming our reader with a buckler of defence against the insidious assaults which are practised by the “tricksome gamesters” upon the pockets of the unwary, we strongly advise him on no account to be decoyed into their dens. Ruin frequently follows even a single visit to a Hell. Affect not the company of “Fishmongers,” or any of their brethren, by whatsoever name or title they may be called—let there be a brick wall betwixt your person and pandemonium. Do not flatter yourself that you can resist the allurements of a Hell; you may, to be sure—but it is not probable. Every thing within human power is done to lull asleep the inward monitor. The game appears to be so very fair—such sensible-looking people play at it—such winnings are occasionally seen—the piles of pieces, heaps of gold and bundles of bank-notes seem so tempting—money is treated with such cool indifference, that numbers have been seduced to “try their luck,” who came to the tables from mere motives of curiosity, and resolved “not to risk a ducat.” They who have once passed the rubicon at roulette, or rouge et noir, whether they be winners or losers, generally go on; the fatal net is thrown over their spirits, they are infatuated, incapable of resistance, and hurried on almost against their wills,—

And do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look and often sorely sigh.

The ring, the race-course, and the cock-pit, do not produce one fiftieth part so much mischief and misery as a Hell. Men, in general, if they be not acquainted with horses, pugilists or game cocks, have a sort of dread against risking their money on them; they fear the tricks of jockeyship—the crosses of which they have heard so much;—they form fearful notions of secret management between the parties in these sports—they know that their success does not depend upon their own exertions—that they cannot even see fair play—that

they have no power over the horse, or the fighter—that they are likely to become the victims of the arrangements of other people, who are more immediately interested in the race or the fight than themselves—the owners of the horse, or the backers of the pugilist. At rouge et noir every thing seems “fair and above board;” the player can see the game—beginning, middle, and end; there is no concealment—no behind-the-curtain work—nothing but what is open, palpable

As Paul’s brave dome and cross to cockney wight,
Homeward wending on summer Sunday morn,
From pleasant pilgrimage to Hampstead Heath.

This, with the inexperienced, is the charm—the seductive lure to the tables. There is another great difference between the sports we have mentioned and rouge et noir, which renders the latter much more dangerous. In a Hell there is no interval for reflection—no making up of books—no opportunity for hedging—no probability of making “all right in any event”—as is not unfrequently the case at a race. Besides this, there is the fatal velocity of rouge et noir; it is seldom that more than two or three races or fights take place in a day—a main of cocks lasts for a third of a week; but at the tables a game is begun, proceeded in, and finished in a few seconds;—another begins as soon as the winnings are raked into the bank, and the losings paid. “Make your game, gentlemen,” is the mandate for fresh hazards, and it is scarcely uttered, before the croupier coldly replies, “The game is made,” whether there be little or much on the board, and away goes the ball again. If a man loses at a fight or a race, he has no temptation to make a rash and improvident bet the same day—the same hour—the same minute in which he suffers a loss; at rouge et noir he is tempted to go on, in the fever produced by alternations of luck, or despair at losing with dreadful rapidity. The Circean cup is not taken from his lips—it is presented to him—the sight of it has a magical influence—he quaffs on, and at every

draught his intoxication and thirst to drink again increase. If you touch it you may, 'tis true, escape "unscotched;" but, remember, that it is not only possible but probable—to use a line of Ben Jonson—

The evening will set red upon you, Sir.

The author, whose work we mentioned at the opening of this article, who seems to be well versed in the matters on which he treats, has given us a striking and accurate sketch of a losing gamester at the tables. While the bankers—these are his words—coldly take away his fortune which a card has given them, the unfortunate victim affects in their presence a fortitude superior to his lot; he receives with apparent courage the mortal blow; he answers by a grateful smile to the signs of compassion evinced towards him by the multitude who surround him; but, notwithstanding all this, the penetrating observer seldom fails to discover in his countenance signs of grief which he cannot repress;—even the appearance of fortitude soon deserts him on quitting this place, which he had entered as a man of worth and riches, but whence he is departing poor and penniless:—the horrible picture of his situation presents itself to his view; he flies into the most violent passion; on a sudden he becomes calm; he loses himself from time to time for want of thought, and often remains for hours in a state of dumb delirium; but he is at last awakened by the heart-breaking torments of grief and pain; he is agitated by the most frightful despair, and he thinks only of the speediest way by which he may destroy himself! Though he has hitherto been a good husband, a good father, and a man of probity, yet on this very account will he be the more tempted to deprive himself of life; but if a want of courage, more than a sense of the enormity of suicide, induce him to cling to life, he will perhaps sell himself to the enemies of his country, or plunder those numbered among his friends—even his parents will not escape his perfidy. With poison or the steel will he

commit the atrocious crime of parricide, and whilst the bankers are counting considerable gain, he is arrested by virtue of a warrant issued against him for assassination. There is more connexion than a person might at first suppose between occurrences of this description and the destructive vice of gaming.

As a companion to the foregoing, we will, if our memory do not break down in the midst of it, lay before our reader, Mathews' masterly sketch of Jack Ardourly. He was a handsome ruddy young fox-hunter—a novice in town—a tyro in pandemonium—pigeon was written on his brow. His strong frame, healthy looks, and north-country twang, made him conspicuous among the company—it was his first appearance at the rouge-et-noir-table; by accident or design fortune was always on his side. His heart overflowed with joy as he gathered up his winnings; bank notes to a large amount and piles of gold lay before him—all won within a few hours. He could not contain himself, but constantly burst out into loud exclamations of delight: "Red again! Mine! mine! The colour of my hunting coat! Yoicks! Yoicks! That's he! go it again! Hallo! Mine again! Red for ever!" Unluckily for himself, he retired from the table that night a winner to the amount of several thousand pounds. It would have been better for him, had he lost a few hundreds at this his debut in a gambling house. In a short time he is met with again at a private house, pale, wretched, and almost heart-broken. He had lost all! He was happy—he wanted nothing—he was beloved by his tenants—jocund as a bird before that fatal night. His stud—his dogs—the park—the upland manor—were all gone—he had not a shilling in the world. His sisters were mentioned to him as being able to assist him. "Oh! why did you name them?—all they had was in my hands—it's gone with the rest. I could have borne my own misfortunes—but my sisters—my mother—my poor old mother who doated on me—I have not had the heart to write to her—she's turned out by this time! All gone

—gone—lost for ever.” Soon afterward he is found in a gaol—whence he is shortly removed to a mad-house. There he talked of nothing in his paroxysms but play! “ Fifty—a hundred—mine—this way with it. The park—its mine again—my manor—all won again—horses—dogs—give me the money—I always paid when I lost—my money—I will have it! Forty—fifty—Mother, you shall sit at the old oak table again—Sisters!—Sisters!—mine again—Mother!—Mother!” Thus would he rave until nature became exhausted within him.

There are numerous Hells in the vicinity of Saint James's Street; but, as a stranger cannot obtain admission into them without an introduction, it would be useless for us to make known their precise localities. Were it otherwise, we should not feel inclined to be a finger-post to a pandemonium; we would rather set up a beacon to warn the unwary to keep aloof from so perilous a place. A man may, certainly, come off a winner even on his first visit; but it should be borne in mind, that the tables have *certain* odds against the players. The splendid establishments which they support, and the fortunes which are made by their proprietors, ought to be sufficient evidence to the merest dullard, without going into a detail or explanation of the advantages in their favour, that though he may by chance be a winner, yet that the players, as a body, of which he is a component part, must inevitably lose. We trust we shall not be understood, from what we have said, to be advocates for gambling on the turf, in the cock-pit, or the ring; our intention has been to show they do not possess such fascinations to the inexperienced as the gaming table; a novice may look at them without being subject to temptation almost irresistible to risk his money on their events—to go on from bad to worse, as he will be if he visit a Hell.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Now call we our high Court of Parliament.

PRINCE HENRY.

A MAN who has never sweated his hour in the gallery of St. Stephen's Chapel cannot form any thing like a correct idea of the real nature of a debate in parliament. The proceedings are, considering all things, most excellently reported; but a speech in the house is a widely different thing to a report of it in the Times or Chronicle columns. Its hard parts are softened down—the frequent hiatus is not noticed—the sentences follow each other fluently and in “sweet connexion linked”—the long, dreary hyphens of the speaker, his stutterings and stammerings are dropped—the reporter does not “look at the stop watch” and publish the moment when he comes to fault, and the interval that elapses before he can recover the scent of his argument. Language, which is cousin-german to gibberish, is rendered intelligible; what the member means is frequently printed instead of what he says; his uncouth periods are drilled into grammatical discipline, and his whole discourse systematically pruned into parliamentary order. On the other hand, many things in a good speech are spoken better than they are reported: in fact, the reader seldom receives the words of the speaker; and, if he does, they are rarely, if ever, set down in the form and fashion in which they are uttered. Three papers will give one sentence in as many different ways; and neither of them, perhaps, correctly: the one will “begin with the beginning,” the other with the middle, and the last with the end; and that which commences properly is almost sure to have the tail where the body should be, and the body in the place of the tail. A ministerial print allows ample scope enough for a minis-

ter's speech; but the harangues of the opposition members are often most woefully curtailed; while a Whig paper coquets and dallies with the orations of Brougham or Mackintosh to the prejudice of those spoken from the Treasury Bench. Even-handed justice is thus dealt out in the main; for if the Whig pushes the Tory from his stool in one publication, the Tory elbows the Whig into narrow confines in another—every cock crows in his own coop.

St. Stephen's is frequently a dull place, even in the "very heart and marrow" of a bustling session. Last night, for instance, was a *soup-maigre* night in the house (we write on the fifteenth of March); neither prologue nor epilogue were worth hearing—from the alpha to the omega of the discussions all was "gentle dulness;" the performers were of the third, fourth, and fifth rate classes—the Claremonts, and Chapmans, and Coveneys of the parliamentary stage. Mr. Dugdale began by bringing up the report of the Pontefract Committee; Lord Milton did the same for the Sudbury Committee; Sir E. Knatchbull said seven words about dividing Ramsgate from Saint Lawrence; somebody presented a petition from the operative sawyers, for a tax on machinery, and Mr. Van Homrigh brought up another from Drogheda; Lord Milton was entrusted with certain documents from one Thomas Flannigan; and Mr. Hume, the great personage of the evening, moved for a copy of the bye-laws relative to the admission of proctors: after a few words from Phillimore and Waithman, which were not audible in the gallery, the honourable gentleman again rose, pursuant to notice, to move for a return of the number of hackney coach and cabriolet licences granted up to the present period; Mr. Maberly concurred, and the motion was agreed to. Mr. Hume then complained of the increased number of officers on full pay since 1822. On the motion of the same gentleman, a return of the commissions granted since 1814—another, of the number of officers draughted from half to full pay within a certain period—a third, of the

number of foreign officers whose corps have been disbanded, were successively ordered; Mr. Handcock moved for a committee on the Athlone Election petition; Mr. Hume again got on his legs to object to the members proposed; the list was at length settled, and the house adjourned at half-past six.

A man must be a fool to leave his dinner or his dessert, or to pay half-a-crown to hear the foregoing matters, or to see the said several great little people, unless he have some personal interest in some one or other of the subjects. One should wait until there is a better bill of fare—until some question of vital importance is to be discussed—until the two great parties meet upon the debateable borderland of politics: then the Tory toscin and the Whig trump are sounded until the political welkin rings with their appeal; adherents fly to their posts; “Greek meets Greek;” the wordy warfare is worth witnessing, and the oratorical gladiators in the arena are worth looking at. There is no child’s play on these occasions, no mere skirmishing of out-posts or picquets—the leaders themselves grapple with each other in mental strife in the foremost ranks;—no contest of pigmies on one side and cranes on the other—but a struggle between the two great political parties of the state;—no brief, casual rencontre of wits and momentary sparring of intellects—but a steady and preconcerted main, to which the Whig and Tory “cocks o’ th’ game” are brought ready spurred and trimmed, and apt at all points for the sport.

When any exhibition of this sort is expected, then is your time to visit St. Stephen’s. Stow a few biscuits or sandwiches in a well-protected pocket, and hie away at an early hour to the house. Carry a large stock of patience and half-a-crown with you—you will have occasion for the former during two or three hours that you will remain wedged in a state of demi-dormant vitality in the dark narrow staircase which leads to the gallery—like a beetle in living oak—the latter is the silver key to the little cockloft from which the nation witnesses the

debates of the collective wisdom of its three kingdoms. The rush on your entering will be tremendous ; keep your legs therefore well under you, or you are lost. Take a seat as near the front of the gallery as possible ; but, beware, lest the wags who haunt this place, hoax you with insidious bows behind the clock-case, where you will be able to see nothing and hear little. The two side galleries on your right and left are appropriated to the use of such members as prefer lolling about on their benches to taking a part in the debate below. Now cast your eyes—to speak in the true puppet-show style—towards the body of the house : in the centre stands the table with the mace upon it, the clerks at its upper end, and behind them the Speaker, elevated on an old dingy chair ; on his right, upon the lower bench, sit the ministers ; immediately behind them their backers ; higher up the country gentlemen mingle with the miscellaneous portion of the house. On the Speaker's left, and of course on your right, the leading members of the opposition occupy the seats next the table ; behind them are the rank and file of their party. Above you is the ventilator, through which the ladies on the roof—no female foot being permitted to enter these sacred walls—listen to the Commons of England. Behind you sit a group of talented men—the reporters for the daily press ; waggish, witty, but generally obliging.

By the time you have looked well about you, and noticed the dull, mean appearance of the place, you will be sufficiently settled in your “cabined” berth, to give attention to the goings-on below. The Speaker counts the house, and if there be thirty-nine members besides himself present at four o'clock, he takes the chair. Some preliminary business, which is altogether uninteresting, is gone through—the members of mark drop in “by twos and threes”—in the course of an hour or so the order of the day for the great question is moved, and you hear a debate in Parliament.

It will doubtless be expected that we should say something about a few of the leading speakers ; we shall do

so most willingly. It matters but little with whom we begin. Let us commence then with—who shall we say—the Common Sergeant. Denman is a pleasant speaker enough, but he is too fond of parading his affluence in words; he deals out his ideas as though he had but few to spare, and those few are generally so overladen with verbal attire, that it is almost impossible to discover them. His brain is too modest to send forth a thought naked as it is born—he must bedeck and dress it up in the richest swaddling clothes which the wardrobe of his imagination can furnish, before he introduces it even to his next friend or gossip. He makes a little matter go a great way in debate; his parliamentary speeches rarely produce much effect—he does not stick close to the question—his good things lie “few and far between”—he dallies with parades instead of dealing in home-thrusts—he loses his idea while he is gathering together an useless accumulation of words to utter it—he snaps at the shadow and loses the substance—his arguments “are so fat with words that you cannot perceive a rib in them.” His voice is dulcet, his action appropriate, his form and features unexceptionable. One may listen to his speech as to the song of a bird; it is soothing to the ear, but it produces little effect upon the understanding. It begins, and you listen—it finishes, and you forget it.

Sir James Mackintosh is a frequent speaker in the house; but we never could hear him through one of his set orations. His voice, even at what he deems a moderate pitch, is almost as offensive to us as the marrow-bone and cleaver melodies of a set of butcher-boys serenading a new-married couple of cocknies; moreover, his speeches are, for their matter, such dull, learned, and elaborate histories—so full of the fruits of musty and unnecessary research—so pregnant with old law and “all such reading as is never read”—so burdened with dry quotations—so destitute of attraction in their details—and so uninteresting altogether, that more patience under long suffering than we possess is necessary

to listen to them. Hazlitt has described his style of oratory with more felicity than that of any other member of the house, whom he has noticed in his paper on parliamentary eloquence. He mentions one of his speeches as being a great, but an ineffectual effort. The mass of information, of ingenuity, and reasoning, was very prodigious; but the whole was misdirected, no impression whatever was made. It was like an inaugural dissertation on the general principles of ethics, on the laws of nature and nations, on ancient and modern history; a laboured treatise *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Another clever author on the eloquence of Sir James, thus pleasantly sketches the effect of his orations on the house. Canning takes up a newspaper, and Huskisson's fingers slide over the items of an estimate, while the junior members, on both sides, stare with astonishment, and some of the country gentlemen fall asleep. Chase is, however, taken after chase, figure after figure cleared, and quotation after quotation run down; and at each brush that is displayed to the wonderers, a roll of cheering ensues. It begins with distinct and pattering *hear! hears!* but the syllables run into each other till you are in doubt whether it more resembles the tumbling of a load of small stones out of a cart, or the war-cry of those biped heroes who of old saved the Roman capitol. As it fades away you find a few lagging *hears*, which put you in mind of the dribbling shots of frightened volunteers after the roll of a *feu-de-joie* on a birth-day; and you discover that the very last ones came from one or two recumbent members in the side gallery to your right, who went there to doze until they should have occasion to cheer the opposite side, but who, awakened by the din, and fearful lest they should have overslept themselves, throw in a few random notes to swell the fugue, and then, blushing, again betake themselves to sleep.

Sir Charles Wetherall, the present attorney-general, is a famous lunacy counsel, and a reasonably good chancery-barrister; but he is "poppy and mandragora"

in the house. The equity-court men—we do not forget Romilly when we say this—rarely make good orators ; they are too lengthy and prosing to do any thing effectively in a popular assembly ; they have been trained up in a bad school—they talk by the roll, and estimate speeches by length, too frequently, rather than by merit. They have been so accustomed to address the old man, who cleaves to the woolsack as pertinaciously as he in the fairy-tale did to the shoulders of Sindbad, and him almost exclusively, that they are unfit to deal with mere men of the world. They have never been taught to appeal to passions, or feelings, or prejudices ; they are instructed to despise ornament—their oratorical blows are always directed to the head, but never to the heart—to the judgment, and never to the imagination. They speak lazily, and do not seem to know or care much about what they are saying ; they cannot shake off the habits which flourish under the equity gown ; they are always cold and verbose ; they never indulge in any of those enthusiastic bursts which win the attention and carry the auditor triumphantly into the seventh heaven of inspiration along with the orator ; they weed out the flowers of fancy from their brain ; their speeches are too often a dull monotonous stream of that same trash which they inflict on the chancellor ; long practice seems to have inoculated them with a fondness for lengthy pleadings, and to have imbued them with a conviction of the total inefficacy of eloquence ; the atmosphere of chancery nips it in its bud ; the court endures the warmest speeches, the best-conned orations of the aspiring and unpractised, with the same apathy and indifference as the four, five, or six hour parliances of the silk gowns—beating the devil's tattoo in the air with its noble foot, rubbing its right honourable nose, or making untouth melody with its most ancient watch-seals. —What follows even the best speeches in Lincoln's Inn Hall ? What encouragement does the speaker receive ? What effect is produced by the harangue ? Why, truly, my Lord takes home the papers, and

forms his opinion some two or three or ten years after, as the case may be, when he who made the speech has forgotten on which side of the question he argued; and then the judgment of the court is grounded, not on the argument of the advocate, but the facts deposed to in the affidavits and answer, or elicited by the written interrogatories of the draftsman. In the common law courts it is different: there the advocate appeals to twelve men taken from the mass of citizens; he can call all the aids and appliances of oratory into play with effect; he has an audience endowed with the common feelings of mankind; whereas the practitioner in chancery has a lone individual to address, who has been so efficiently bathed in the legal Styx, that he is invulnerable at all points to those weapons of eloquence which may be used with success against mankind in general: he sits aloof—cold and uninfluenced by passion as a marble statue of justice; he is hemmed in with a professional rock of adamant; in his bosom you can spirit up no friend to your cause—impulse and feeling have no abiding place in his heart; he is, in fact, what a judge ought to be, without the common alloy of humanity, and like pure gold, proof against the power of those strong tests which decompose the lesser or adulterated metals.

Scarlett is a man of great common sense, immense presence of mind, and very little eloquence. He has amazing tact in cajoling a jury, but his manner is plain and unobtrusive; he talks to the "twelve true and lawful in the box" as he would to one of them at his own fire-side; he makes his points in a straight-forward way; he indulges in no display—tropes and figures are commodities in which he rarely deals—he has no graces of style or diction—he cannot support himself through an elaborate speech on politics—he is a giant at *nisi prius*, but a mere man of the multitude in St. Stephen's. Others with more elocutional powers and half the practice of speaking have made better parliamentary orators; he is sensible of this, and rarely med-

dles with any but professional questions.—Copley, another lawyer, merits a page from our pen as much as any man in the house; but we have already been so elaborate, that we must dismiss him with a brace of periods. Copley is a highly-talented man—his look almost carries persuasion with it; he is mild and specious, and wiles you on with apparent good humour, without any seeming effort, to a point at which you never dreamt of arriving when you started. Copley would do much more, if he did not feel—and he evinces his feeling in this particular—such contempt for the efforts of those who are opposed to him; he too often thinks it unnecessary to rouse himself into activity, and thus, like the hare in the fable, becomes outstripped by the tortoise.

Cam Hobhouse was a bird of some promise on the hustings, but he completely broke down in Parliament; he is now the Westminster dead-weight—a cipher, were he not countenanced by the ci-devant people's darling, Sir Francis Burdett; his political existence evidently depends upon the patronage of the baronet. Burdett is “a most sweet-toned talker;” much plainer in his attire than many can afford to be; but his head is of the finest order of English aristocracy. There is not a more downright, straight-forward speaker in the house; he always seems to feel the propriety of his own assertions; he disdains unnecessary embellishment to his speech as much as he would rich hangings to his hunting saddle, and would no more travel out of the direct path to his point in the debate, to pick up an ornament, than dismount in the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray, when shouting the view holla and cheering on the foremost hounds, to pluck a snowdrop from under the hawthorn.

There are some men in the house, who seem to have but one object in the world; and they, to us, are tiresome. Hume, for instance, in a language tainted with Sawneyisms, is eternally talking about the disbursements of the state; still the man is beneficial in his vocation;

ter's speech; but the harangues of the opposition members are often most woefully curtailed; while a Whig paper coquets and dallies with the orations of Brougham or Mackintosh to the prejudice of those spoken from the Treasury Bench. Even-handed justice is thus dealt out in the main; for if the Whig pushes the Tory from his stool in one publication, the Tory elbows the Whig into narrow confines in another—every cock crows in his own coop.

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KEAN'S HEAD.

Will you see the players well bestowed?

HAMLET.

MR. HUDSON, a man very well known in convivial circles, as a singer of his own comic songs, is the landlord of this tavern. It stands on the left-hand side of a passage leading from Brydges Street to Drury Lane. A rude portrait of Edmund Kean, arrayed in the costume of one of his favourite characters, is elevated above the entrance. We are not able to say whether or no "the great little man" ever visits this which is the only house in the metropolis that has adopted his head as its "sign and symbol;" numbers of his brethren of the buskin do, however, meet here to chat and chaunt away the hours; and many, who know this to be a theatrical house, come hither to enjoy the society of those men in private with whom they have been pleased in public.

Actors are rather generally esteemed to be what is commonly called "good company." For our part, we think the companionable qualities of the members of the corps dramatique are much overrated. There are many of them, we know full well, as pleasant and agreeable spirits as any extant; but the great mass of actors are too outrageously professional to please. Their conversation is too much tainted with theatricals—they do not travel off the stage in their discourse—their gossip smacks of the green-room—their jests and good things are, for the most part, extracts from plays—they lack originality—the drama is their world, and they think nothing worthy of argument but men and matters connected with it. They are the weakest of all critics, their observations on characters in plays are hereditary opinions of the corps, which descend as heir-looms with the part to its successive representatives. There are,

doubtless, some splendid exceptions—we could name several performers, who talk finely on general subjects, who are not confined to the foot-lights in their fancies, who utter jests of the first water, whose sayings are worth hearing, and whose anecdotes are made up of such good materials, and are so well told withal, that our “lungs have crowed like chanticleer” to hear them. Others, we have met with, who are the antipodes of those drama-doating gentlemen whom we have noticed above, who rarely, unless purposely inveigled into it, mention the stage or those who tread it. One highly-gifted individual, when alive, enjoyed a discourse on the merits of Molyneux, the small talk of the P. C., or a vivid description of an old-school fight; another has a keen relish for all matters connected with the Great St. Ledger—the state of the odds against the outside fillies for the Oaks—the report of those deepversed in Veterinary lore, upon the cough of the favourite for the Derby; you cannot please a certain excellent melo-dramatic actor better than by placing him alongside of an enthusiastic young sailor, who will talk with him about main-tops and mizens—sky-scrapers and shrouds—

of gallant ships,
Proudly floating o'er the dark blue ocean.

The eternal theme of one old gentleman is his parrot, and another chatters incessantly about his pupils. Some of the singers—the serious order of singers—are as namby-pamby off the stage as they are on it, unless revelling in “sweet sounds;” they are too fond of humming tunes, solfaing, and rehearsing graces in society; they have plenty to sing, but nothing to say for themselves; they chime the quarters like “our grandmother’s clock,” and at every revolution of the minute index, strike up their favourite tune. This is as bad as being half-smothered in honey, or nearly

Washed to death in fulsome wine.

There is one actor on the stage who is ever attempt-

ing to show the possibility of achieving impossibilities; he is one of the most pleasant visionaries in existence; his spirit soars aloft from every-day matters, and delights in shadowy mysteries; a matter-of-fact is a gorgon to him; he abhors the palpable, and doats upon the occult and intangible; he loves to speculate on the doings of those in the dogstar, to discuss on immortal essences, to dispute with the disbeliever on Gnomes—a paradox will be the darling of his bosom for a month, and a good chimera be his bedfellow by night and theme by day for a year. He is fickle, and casts off his mental mistresses at an hour's notice—his mind never weds any of the strange, fantastic idealities which he woos for a time so passionately—deep disgust succeeds to the strongest attachment for them—he is as great a rake among the wayward “rebuses of the brain” which fall under his notice as that “wandering melodist—the bee of Hybla”—with the blossoms of spring. He has no affection for the schemes, or “vain imaginations” of other men—no one can ridicule them more smartly—he loves only “flowers of his own gathering”—he places them in his breast, and wears them there with miraculous constancy—flaunts them in the eyes of his friends—woos the applause, the admiration of every one at their charms—and the instant he discovers that another feels a budding fondness for their beauties, he dashes them from him, and abuses them for ever after, sans mercy.

At the Kean's Head there are one or two meetings in every week, of merry and musical folks, at which so many good things are sung by Hudson and his friends, that his parlour is beginning to grow rather popular on those nights when its little galas are held.

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with him, en famille, (it will be on the 18th of April) on a saddle-cut of salmon, with a profusion of lobster sauce, a boiled leg of lamb garnished with the loin cut into chops, accompanied by stewed cucumbers and a fringe of lemon and mint, preserved apricot tart, and the usual et ceteras, and take our claret and coffee with some two or three of his customers at Long's.

MENAGERIE.

Let a beast be lord of beasts.

HAMLET.

THE lords of Parliament and the lions at Exeter 'Change usually dine about eight o'clock; so that, after

a lie for all the osses 'twixt this and Northallerton; but there's none so sound as what he is in the world. He ha'nt agot splint, spavin, sandcrack, curb, or cataract; his legs be clean as a voal's, and his eye clear as crystal. He ben't none o' your bulls, mind me, nor your bobbies—no—nor no miller, nor astronomer, nor captain, nor lawyer; but a right honest oss as ever you throwed your leg over. I'll warrant his wind—and if I'd take a single penny less nor fifty from any other man—I were offered forty-eight vor un yesterday—I'll go to Bath; but there, as I knowsee, you shall ha' un for vorty-vive, an' I wishee luck. Run un down again, Jem. Now there's some o' your dealers what bishops a oss—files down his teeth when he's a dozen years old, to make him look like one what's just full in the mouth, mind me, and burns the masks in with cauntie; and they pricks a hole in the skin when they be hollow and old-looking over the eyes, and blows 'em out, you understand; and if a oss is lame in one foot, they puts a pebble or a bean between the shos and the hoof of t'other, so as to make him seem a little groggy in both, but lame in neither; and rubs sand up in the flank to make 'em carry their legs wide when they cuts; but I don't do nothing o' thic there sort—I deals in a gentlemanly sort of a way—and if you likes the oss at vorty-vive—why he's yourn, and my wife shall writtee out a receipt. What d'ye say? Wilkes gi'e us your vist, and zay done?"

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ter's speech; but the harangues of the opposition members are often most woefully curtailed; while a Whig paper coquets and dallies with the orations of Brougham or Mackintosh to the prejudice of those spoken from the Treasury Bench. Even-handed justice is thus dealt out in the main; for if the Whig pushes the Tory from his stool in one publication, the Tory elbows the Whig into narrow confines in another—every cock crows in his own coop.

St. Stephen's is frequently a dull place, even in the "very heart and marrow" of a bustling session. Last night, for instance, was a *soup-maigre* night in the house (we write on the fifteenth of March); neither prologue nor epilogue were worth hearing—from the alpha to the omega of the discussions all was "gentle dulness;" the performers were of the third, fourth, and fifth rate classes—the Claremonts, and Chapmans, and Coveneys of the parliamentary stage. Mr. Dugdale began by bringing up the report of the Pontefract Committee; Lord Milton did the same for the Sudbury Committee; Sir E. Knatchbull said seven words about dividing Ramsgate from Saint Lawrence; somebody presented a petition from the operative sawyers, for a tax on machinery, and Mr. Van Homrigh brought up another from Drogheda; Lord Milton was entrusted with certain documents from one Thomas Flannigan; and Mr. Hume, the great personage of the evening, moved for a copy of the bye-laws relative to the admission of proctors: after a few words from Phillimore and Waithman, which were not audible in the gallery, the honourable gentleman again rose, pursuant to notice, to move for a return of the number of hackney coach and cabriolet licences granted up to the present period; Mr. Maberly concurred, and the motion was agreed to. Mr. Hume then complained of the increased number of officers on full pay since 1822. On the motion of the same gentleman, a return of the commissions granted since 1816—another, of the number of officers draughted from half to full pay within a certain period—a third, of the

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ter's speech; but the harangues of the opposition members are often most woefully curtailed; while a Whig paper coquets and dallies with the orations of Brougham or Mackintosh to the prejudice of those spoken from the Treasury Bench. Even-handed justice is thus dealt out in the main; for if the Whig pushes the Tory from his stool in one publication, the Tory elbows the Whig into narrow confines in another—every cock crows in his own coop.

St. Stephen's is frequently a dull place, even in the "very heart and marrow" of a bustling session. Last night, for instance, was a *soup-maigre* night in the house (we write on the fifteenth of March); neither prologue nor epilogue were worth hearing—from the alpha to the omega of the discussions all was "gentle dulness;" the performers were of the third, fourth, and fifth rate classes—the Claremonts, and Chapmans, and Covenys of the parliamentary stage. Mr. Dugdale began by bringing up the report of the Pontefract Committee; Lord Milton did the same for the Sudbury Committee; Sir E. Knatchbull said seven words about dividing Ramsgate from Saint Lawrence; somebody presented a petition from the operative sawyers, for a tax on machinery, and Mr. Van Homrigh brought up another from Drogheda; Lord Milton was entrusted with certain documents from one Thomas Flannigan; and Mr. Hume, the great personage of the evening, moved for a copy of the bye-laws relative to the admission of proctors: after a few words from Phillimore and Waithman, which were not audible in the gallery, the honourable gentleman again rose, pursuant to notice, to move for a return of the number of hackney coach and cabriolet licences granted up to the present period; Mr. Maberly concurred, and the motion was agreed to. Mr. Hume then complained of the increased number of officers on full pay since 1822. On the motion of the same gentleman, a return of the commissions granted since 1816—another, of the number of officers draughted from half to full pay within a certain period—a third, of the

number of foreign officers whose corps have been disbanded, were successively ordered; Mr. Handcock moved for a committee on the Athlone Election petition; Mr. Hume again got on his legs to object to the members proposed; the list was at length settled, and the house adjourned at half-past six.

A man must be a fool to leave his dinner or his desert, or to pay half-a-crown to hear the foregoing matters, or to see the said several great little people, unless he have some personal interest in some one or other of the subjects. One should wait until there is a better bill of fare—until some question of vital importance is to be discussed—until the two great parties meet upon the debateable borderland of politics: then the Tory toscin and the Whig trump are sounded until the political welkin rings with their appeal; adherents fly to their posts; “Greek meets Greek;” the wordy warfare is worth witnessing, and the oratorical gladiators in the arena are worth looking at. There is no child’s play on these occasions, no mere skirmishing of out-posts or picquets—the leaders themselves grapple with each other in mental strife in the foremost ranks;—no contest of pigmies on one side and cranes on the other—but a struggle between the two great political parties of the state;—no brief, casual rencontre of wits and momentary sparring of intellects—but a steady and preconcerted main, to which the Whig and Tory “cocks o’ th’ game” are brought ready spurred and trimmed, and apt at all points for the sport.

When any exhibition of this sort is expected, then is your time to visit St. Stephen’s. Stow a few biscuits or sandwiches in a well-protected pocket, and hie away at an early hour to the house. Carry a large stock of patience and half-a-crown with you—you will have occasion for the former during two or three hours that you will remain wedged in a state of demi-dormant vitality in the dark narrow staircase which leads to the gallery—like a beetle in living oak—the latter is the silver key to the little cockloft from which the nation witnesses the

debates of the collective wisdom of its three kingdoms. The rush on your entering will be tremendous ; keep your legs therefore well under you, or you are lost. Take a seat as near the front of the gallery as possible ; but, beware, lest the wags who haunt this place, hoax you with insidious bows behind the clock-case, where you will be able to see nothing and hear little. The two side galleries on your right and left are appropriated to the use of such members as prefer lolling about on their benches to taking a part in the debate below. Now cast your eyes—to speak in the true puppet-show style—towards the body of the house : in the centre stands the table with the mace upon it, the clerks at its upper end, and behind them the Speaker, elevated on an old dingy chair ; on his right, upon the lower bench, sit the ministers ; immediately behind them their backers ; higher up the country gentlemen mingle with the miscellaneous portion of the house. On the Speaker's left, and of course on your right, the leading members of the opposition occupy the seats next the table ; behind them are the rank and file of their party. Above you is the ventilator, through which the ladies on the roof—no female foot being permitted to enter these sacred walls—listen to the Commons of England. Behind you sit a group of talented men—the reporters for the daily press ; waggish, witty, but generally obliging.

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ROYAL ACADEMY.

Hark! I will tell you what our sport shall be.

SHALLOW.

EVERY man of taste may obtain considerable information and amusement from the lectures delivered to the students at the Royal Academy, Somerset House: they are not mere dry dissertations on the principles of painting; but popular discourses, frequently embellished with excellent anecdotes, on that delightful art. Anatomy here is stripped of those details which are disgusting to all but the professional; the lecturers are usually men of much eminence, and they endeavour to render what they say attractive as well as instructing. We are not one of the disciples of Galen—we know as little of the *materia medica* as most men—the usual avocations of the leech have no charms for us—nevertheless we are much given to mingle with the hospital-walking multitude who frequent the lecture-rooms of Abernethy, Lawrence, Cooper, and their brethren. We avoid them when *subjects* are introduced; but in cases where dissection is unnecessary, an anatomical discourse is frequently to us an intellectual treat, if delivered by one of the “sergeant surgeons” of the day. The anecdotes of real life which many of them introduce are often of the first order, and would be deemed “capital bits,” if woven into an “At Home” by those who write for Charles Mathews.

They were lucky who happened to be present when Abernethy, in a lecture illustrative of the strength of the muscles of the head, told his story of a man who was so powerful in this respect that he could wag his queue as easily as a dog does his tail, and who used to go to the front of the lower tier of boxes and set the whole house in a roar of laughter, even when that queen of tragedy,

Siddons, was performing the most pathetic parts of her best characters, by the singular motions of his tail. Abernethy told this in the drollest manner imaginable—it was quite Mundenish—and will long be remembered by those who were in the lecture-room at the time. Sir Astley Cooper frequently hitches in a pleasant anecdote during his “chirurgical homily:” the best that we remember at this moment is his story of the bow-legged man, who suffered his shin-bones to be scraped with pieces of glass, for the purpose of bettering the appearance of his pins. Almost equally good is the affair of the young surgeon and the fellow who attended on one of the patients at a hospital which the gentleman was walking. Joe—we think that was the fellow’s name—had a swelling in the knee; he went about very well, and suffered but little inconvenience from it; but the young leech told him it was a dangerous and dreadful affliction—an incurable malady—which some time or other would cause his death, if the limb were not amputated. “Now, Joe,” continued the younger—and his logic is really delicious—“as you must lose the limb first or last, if you wish to preserve life, why you had better suffer it to be taken off at once; it will not be only save you the increasing pain of the tumour, but you are better able to bear the operation now, than you will four or five years hence, when you are reduced in strength—as you certainly must be if you suffer the swelling to go on: besides, if you will consent to my doing it, you shall have every comfort that money can procure; I will hire a private lodging, a nurse to wait on you, and even allow you so much a week until you can get about again—no nobleman shall be better treated. Lastly, Joe, it will really be conferring a favour on me which I shall always remember!” By dint of such arguments as these, with which the aspiring tyro in surgery was daily assailing poor Joe, the fellow was at last persuaded to allow our young gentleman to remove the limb. Remove the limb! what gentle verbs do these professional people use! Giving a patient the most nauseous

dose that ever afflicted mortal palate is “exhibiting a draught;” cutting asunder flesh, nerves, veins, arteries, sawing through the solid bone, and dividing the marrow itself, is “removing a limb!” It is spoken of by them as coolly as removing a chair or changing one’s lodgings. Joe, as soon as convenience would permit, was installed in a decent apartment, and the young fellow—who was quite as incapable of performing the operation as he was ambitious of doing it—began the fearful work. The event had nearly proved fatal. When the flesh was divided, the tourniquet, having been unskilfully put on, snapped asunder; the operator, in dreadful alarm, fled for assistance, which he happily obtained in a few moments, or poor complaisant Joe would inevitably have bled to death.

Sir Anthony Carlisle, who has often filled the anatomical chair at the Royal Academy, is no less abstruse and instructive than pleasant and amusing. His illustrative anecdotes are always excellent, and his way of telling them quite dramatic. We have found him even more agreeable as a private talker than as a lecturer: he is rich in the old lore of England—he will hunt a phrase through several reigns—propose derivations for words which are equally ingenious and learned—follow a proverb for generations back, and discuss on the origin of language as though he had never studied aught beside: he knows more than any other person we ever met with of the biography of talented individuals—in the philosophy of common life he is quite an adept—a capital chronologist—a man of fine mind and most excellent memory: his experience has, of course, been very great, and he has taken good advantage of it. We remember he once amused us for half a day by adducing instances of men who, although possessed of mean talents, had enabled themselves to effect wonders, by simply hoarding in their minds, and subsequently acting upon, an immense number of facts: from this subject we naturally enough fell into a discourse on the importance, in many cases and situations, of attending to trifles.

As a proof of this, he mentioned a circumstance which occurred to an eminent surgeon within his own memory ; it was as follows : a gentleman, residing about a post-stage from town, met with an accident which eventually rendered amputation of a limb indispensable. The surgeon alluded to was requested to perform the operation, and went from town with two pupils to the gentleman's house, on the day appointed, for that purpose. The usual preliminaries being arranged, he proceeded to operate ; the tourniquet was applied, the flesh divided, and the bone laid bare, when, to his astonishment and horror he discovered that his instrument-case was without the saw ! Here was a situation ! Luckily his presence of mind did not forsake him. Without apprising his patient of the terrible fact, he put one of his pupils into his carriage, and told the coachman to gallop to town. It was an hour and a half before the saw was obtained, and during all that time the patient lay suffering. The agony of the operator, though great, was scarcely a sufficient punishment for his neglect in not seeing that all his instruments were in the case before he started.

Basil Montagu, the water-drinking barrister, who was present during the narration of this anecdote, and the previous discussion, mentioned another instance of the propriety of noticing those minor circumstances in life, which are usually suffered to pass unheeded by people in general. A man of talent was introduced into a company of strangers ; he scarcely spoke after his first salutation until he wished the party good-night : almost every one dubbed him a fool ; the lady hostess, who, be it remarked, had not been previously informed of the abilities of her new guest, was of a different opinion. " I am sure," said she, " that you are all wrong ; for, though he said nothing, I remarked that *he always laughed in the right place.*"

Pons, the astronomer-royal, who was also with us on the occasion alluded to, told an affair about Herschel, the particulars of which have escaped us) which went

far to support the same point : there were others present, and the anecdotal shuttlecock was tossed to and fro until it came again to Sir Anthony, who gave us a story of some great northern physician and an unlettered clown, the seventh son of a seventh son, who had obtained immense reputation as a water-doctor. This country Cameron, on account of the astonishing and well-authenticated cures which he performed, increased in practice daily, and at length was consulted by rich as well as poor ; he even infringed upon the walk of the physician, and to the surprise and mortification of the latter, actually restored several patients to health and activity, whose cases the physician had pronounced to be hopeless. What could be the meaning of this ? The man was, by all accounts, " ignorant as dirt ;" he had never studied ; he had received no insight into the mysteries of the healing art, and yet he rivalled and eclipsed men of regular education, deep study, and most extensive and successful practice. The curiosity of the physician was so great that he wrote a note to his rival, requesting that he would allow him to be present at one of his morning levees, in order to see the real nature of his proceedings. The water-doctor willingly assented, and the physician went pursuant to appointment. He found it almost impossible to work his way through the number of patients who crowded round the object of his curiosity ; he loudly announced his name, and requested that a way might be cleared for him. " Kick roight and left wi' thy heels, Doctor," cried the Yorkshire Esculapius ; " kick 'em hard, and I'll warrant they'll make room for tha." In a few moments they were seated at the same table. " Sir," said the physician, " you are a surprising man. I am come to request that you will honestly tell me the secret of your practice. How do you perform your cures ? How have you obtained such fame—such an ascendancy over the minds of men ?" " Aw, there it is," replied the other ; " that ascendancy is the whole and tittle secret. Wouldst loike to zee me do a job ?" " I desire it much." An elderly woman

now approached the table, and with many curtsies to the wonderful man, placed a phial before him without uttering a word. The water-doctor took it up with profound gravity, gazed at it a few moments, looked keenly at the woman, and then said, "Aw! this is a bad case, good 'ooman." "Yeas, your honour," replied the old dame, curtseying thrice. "But he'll get better," continued he, looking alternately at the phial and the old woman again. "Let him take some o' my stuff and he'll mend—I say your husband will mend." "Yeas, yeas, your honour," stammered the old woman, "'tis, 'tis my husband!" "Aye, I know; he leads a sedantick life, your husband does." "Yeas, yeas," faintly said the woman—almost struck dumb at the knowledge displayed by the doctor. "But he'll get better," continued the latter; "he'll get better, tell him, wi' some o' my stuff; he should get out a bit; doan't let him be so sedantic—*he's a tailor by trade.*" At this the old woman staggered back a pace or two. "He *is* tailor by trade," exclaimed she, lifting up her hands. "Well, well, get some stuff from my mon, and tell your husband to come here in a week—he'll be able—he'll be able." The old woman retired uttering blessings on the head of "his honour," who turned triumphantly towards the astonished physician. "This almost surpasses belief," exclaimed the latter; "that man, I have little doubt, will be cured by the mere force of imagination—his faith in your infallibility. But, tell me—tell me honestly—have you no accomplices?" "None." "And did you know nothing of this woman before?" "Nothing." "Then how could you possibly tell that the sick person in whose behalf she applied to you was her husband?" The other stated in reply, that it was part of his system to pay great attention to trifles; that, in the first place, he was convinced from the anxiety displayed in the woman's face, the patient was a near and dear one, on whose health her daily bread depended; that in all probability she did not consult him for a child or a

parent; for, judging by her age, her father and mother were dead, and her children old enough to be out in the world—married, and therefore having wives or husbands to send to him, rather than such a poor decrepit creature as herself; then who was so likely to be the patient as her husband?

“All this,” said the physician, “is plausible enough; so far I can understand very well; but how, in the name of all that’s astonishing, did you know that the man lived a sedantick life, as you call it—that he was a tailor by trade?” “Why, tha d—d fool, didst tha not zee that the bottle was stopped up wi’ a piece o’ *list*, instead of a cork?”

Such of our readers as happen to have any gentleman “addicted to the fine arts” among their acquaintance, will, upon application to him, find but little difficulty in obtaining admission to an evening’s lecture at the Royal Academy.

SADLER'S WELLS.

SLY.—Sim, when will the fool come again?

SIM.—Anon, my lord.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THIS theatre is under the direction of Tom Dibdin—an indefatigable fellow in his vocation—Dixon, of the Barbican Repository, who is one of the proprietors, furnishes a neat stud for poney racing, and old Grimaldi, “the great Joe,” has announced his intention of appearing occasionally during the present season. He is to be supported by his son and Hartland, and will, we expect, draw “great houses:” we, for one, shall certainly, if able, go to see him. We long once more to look at “this great capitalist of the aquatic stage—this delight of aldermen and butchers’ boys—who has expanded the face of kings with unwonted expression, and is worthy to act before queens.” There is no

clown like him—he stands alone—the very Momus of Mime! Other clowns are active, tricksome, broad buffoons; but not one of them possesses the deep, all-conquering humour—the judicious taste in the very “flood and torrent” of extravagance—the glorious drollery of the elder Grimaldi. We can say but little in favour of the rest of the corps. Mrs. Baker and Vale are here, by-the bye, “very decent sort of folks” for a minor house, and one W. H. Williams, of whose future doings we augur well from his present performances. The rank and file of the company are mere “leather and prunella.”

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

TOUCHSTONE.

THERE are many of our readers who, we feel satisfied, would find much entertainment at the general meetings of the Society of Arts: they are held every Wednesday evening during the Society's session at its house in the Adelphi. A man of some reputation is generally in the chair, and a great number of the members—among whom there are many clever men, several scientific puppies, and a few “mechanical dull” prozers—frequently attend to hear the different communications which have been sent in during the week, read by one of the secretaries; and also the reports from the different committees, of which, we believe, there are nine in number, namely—the Committee of Accounts; of Miscellaneous Matters; of Correspondence and Papers; of Agriculture; of Chemistry; of Polite Arts; of Manufactures; of Mechanics; of Colonies and Trade.

The Society is frequently engaged about matters of very trifling importance: we remember, on one occa-

sion, hearing a debate on a communication setting forth the superiority of soaping bones to oiling them for sharpening razors, which one of the members, in the course of discussion, gravely proposed should be referred to the Committee of Polite Arts! The Society, on another occasion, if we mistake not, awarded one of its prizes to the inventor of a rat-trap: but we must confess, that its labours are also directed to many noble purposes; and if it confers medals on young misses for painting paltry flower-pieces, it also bestows the highest honours in its power on such as rear young timber in the woodlands, to succeed those “massy and magnificent oaks, nurtured by the suns and the rains, and exercised by the tempests of rolling centuries—a treasure bequeathed by distant ancestors to their remote posterity, which, having long adorned the country, are at length to be consecrated to its most efficient defence.”

The members of the Society are allowed to introduce strangers to the general meetings on Wednesday evenings, and many people go for the mere purpose of looking at the embellishments of the great room, particularly the pictures of the wayward, but talented Barry, who has painted Doctor Burney in a neatly curled and powdered wig, among a groupe of dolphins and Tritons “gamboling gaily in the silver flood.”

SURREY THEATRE.

When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

APEMANTUS.

WE know not how it is, but truly all the minor theatres, except Astleys and the Adelphi, seem to have dwindled in attraction year after year for some time past. We have already stated what a falling-off there appears in the pieces and performers of the Coburg and the

Olympic : and now that we are about to "saddle white Surrey" with a notice, we cannot help contrasting its past with its present state. Shall we ever again see such a drama so played at this theatre as the "Heart of Midlothian" was, with Miss Taylor as the meek heroic Jeanie—the handsome wife of Charles Horn as "poor Effie"—Fitzwilliam as the Laird—Fanny Copeland as Madge Wildfire, and T. P. Cooke as John, Duke of Argyle? "It is a consummation most devoutly to be wished;" but we fear it will never come to pass. There was a time when we could spend a very pleasant evening at the Surrey; but we rarely travel to see the tragedies of St. George's Fields now-a-days. We recollect when Bologna—unquestionably the first pantomime actor of his day—and the great O. Smith used to delight the visitors here in the same piece; it was worth one's while at that time to stroll over the water on a fine summer's evening to see two or three of Tom Dibdin's pieces—a clever but unlucky wight—played by such actresses and actors as then graced the boards of this theatre: it is now very different. On every occasion, within the last two or three years, of our visiting the Surrey, we have returned "a sad and weary man." Gough, or Monsieur Gouffe, as he is foolishly enough called in the bills, is rather active, but no actor—he is a mere public-house performer, possessing some agility, but no genius—he sinks infinitely beneath Parsloe—Mesurier is no more to be compared with him than "Ossa to a wart." Gouffe, and all the other English *simia*, looked, as they were, men imitating monkeys; Mesurier acted like a monkey mimicking a man. You could not, by any stretch of the imagination, fancy the former to be ought but Mr. Such-a-one—or Monsieur Un Tel, who received a salary of so much per week for playing Jocko: with Mesurier it was otherwise—it seemed rather difficult to look upon him as any thing but a baboon.

From the foregoing observations, our readers may perceive, that we think but little of Gouffe, who has of late been the principal attraction at the Surrey; we

really do not remember having seen any one else there within the last season or so who is worthy of notice, except a Miss Rountree, who played Adonis, in a decent ballet; in rather an indiscreet dress, and a Mademoiselle Rosyer, a young lady who was to us, a novelty, in the character of Columbine, which she danced with considerable grace, zeal, and activity. We would say much more about this young lady, but, truly, circumstances "debar us of that felicity:" our grog-jug, which has been thrice replenished since supper, has nearly reached low-water mark again; our seventh cigar is fast setting beneath the horizon of our out-jutting under-lip; the flame of our lamp is dancing over the dead wick, like a flitting soul faintly hovering, for a few moments, round the body to which it is about to wish an eternal good-night; the waning fire in our Rumford has ceased to send forth its wonted merry voice—its cheerful smiles are departed, its glowing ashes look like a miniature portrait of some mighty city in the last weak throes of a fatal conflagration; Boreas, that bluff musician, has made a trumpet of our chimney, and pipes "sad tunes and dire into our aching ear;" the camels are awake and kneeling to receive their morning burthens, after an invigorating repose by the spring in the desert; the moon has fulfilled more than two-thirds of her nightly watch in the heavens; a few leagues hence the sun is already warming the night-chilled brow of the shepherd on the hills; it is an hour after noon with the Asiatics; and—we write in the dark—time for us to go to bed.

VAUXHALL.

Pray you sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

LUCENTIO.

THIS is our last article, and we mean to linger over it. The entertainments for the ensuing season at the

gardens will vary materially from those of the past year: the reign of second-rate singers will be restored, the fire-works will commence an hour earlier, and dramatic proverbs, played by popular actors, are to be introduced.

Our last visit to Vauxhall is very fresh in our memory; by accident we were dovetailed into a city party—Burleigh, Munchausen, and Company, Drysalters, from St. Mary Axe. The senior partner was rather an eccentric; he abused and liked every thing; he had never been but once in a theatre, and, as he frequently said, “horribly hated imposition and humbug.” His wife and daughter were of the party; the former was a stylish matron, and the latter a laughter-loving lass of eighteen, who doated on “a bit of gig.” Munchausen turned every common-place occurrence into “a singular fact,” or “remarkable coincidence;” and Tom W., a young templar, and Lydia’s intended, who also accompanied us, knew almost every body. We passed our evening pleasantly enough. After showing ourselves to, and gazing at “our fellow votaries of pleasure,” we went with the “living tide” into the newly-erected and very elegant concert-room, or theatre, where all of us heard—and two or three enjoyed—the favourite songs of the season, sung by the first vocalists of the London Theatres. While we were here Tom requested us to keep our eyes on the end of the third bench from the orchestra, at the termination of the first act—“for,” said he, “a young acquaintance of mine—*such* a youth for a hoax—has been corresponding this week past, with a fellow who advertised for a wife.” “Advertise for a wife! advertise! no such thing!” exclaimed Burleigh; “all humbug! advertise! zounds! no need of that! dozens of women always ready to jump down a man’s throat—’twont do, Tom.” “But, my dear, you know we do see such things in our Sunday paper.” “Ah! fictitious—done by the editor himself to make the paper popular among the old maids and other she-schemers.” “Do pray go on, Tom,” said the laughing Lydia; “I long to hear all about it.” “To be

brief," said Tom, "my young friend, who assumed the signature of Miss X. Y. Z. has appointed the advertising A. B. to make himself visible here, in a certain dress, at the time and place I mentioned, in order that his supposed fair one may see if she likes his appearance—by Jupiter, yonder he is!" "Oh! where? I do so long to see a man that has put in the paper for a wife." We looked, and behold there was a spruce puppy, arrayed in a green coat, immaculate indispensables, flesh-coloured silk stockings, pumps, and pink cravat, doing the agreeable at the end of the bench, and casting a glance of affected nonchalance,—but in which intense anxiety was very evident—round the room in quest of his fair correspondent, whom he probably thought he should detect by her blushes and gazing. His eye at last fell upon Lydia: he brightened up; the girl's cheek was instantly suffused with a crimson glow: Mrs. B. tittered; Tom frowned; Munchausen said "It was a singular fact;" and Burleigh burst out into a horse-laugh, which frightened the creature away. "Mere imposition," said B., as we walked from the concert-room towards the view by moonlight,—“a milliner in man's clothes—if there's any truth in it, the advertiser was a woman intent on fun.” “What a bit of gig!” said Lydia; “I should so like to meet him again.” She, however, was not gratified in her desire. We squeezed in to hear the residue of the concert, saw the ballet, promenaded until we were rather fatigued, and then retired to a box.

“That's a duke,” said Tom, pointing to a very plainly-dressed, middle-aged man in powder. “What! that? *he* a duke! no more a duke than I am; you know I hate imposition, and you're always attempting to impose on me—damme he's a duplicate of Swinks, the pawn-broker.” “It's a singular fact,” observed Munchausen, “a very singular fact”—“Pshaw! your singular facts, my good fellow, are just as extraordinary as your items in a bill of parcels:—to a bag of bluestone—to ditto—to ditto—to ditto—and then a bag o' bluestone again. Talking of dukes, there now—there goes a man any

body would take to be a nobleman." That," said Tom, "is a bailiff!" "A bailiff!—d'ye think I'm a fool?—nothing in the world I hate so much as imposition. But about bailiffs, by-the-bye, Tom; I'll tell you a story of a friend of mine—not exactly a friend—but a very good sort of fellow; warm—warm—a monied man, Munchausen—now *he's* a bailiff—a stout, burly, so-and-so—you know what I mean, Munchausen—sort of fellow. Well, you see—ha! ha!—he had a writ against a blacksmith at Enfield Wash. Very well—ha! ha! Lydia, my dear, you look pale. Rather ill, or how?—ha! ha!—So you see—ha! ha!—where was I? Oh!—there was the blacksmith digging potatoes in a field behind his house. The officer doubled the hedge, broke into view, and as pretty a course followed as ever was seen. Run! aye, I believe they did too—both of 'em like junior clerks to the post-office five minutes before seven. However, the blacksmith got to the back-door first, bolted in, and shut it too behind him. Ha! ha! Well, on comes the officer, like a heavy dragoon in full gallop, or a sugar hogshead set agoing on Bread Street Hill; couldn't stop himself, and went bang against the door. It flew open, and there stood the blacksmith, puffing away, like his own bellows. 'Now,' says he, collaring my nabs—aye collaring him stoutly—'now,' says he, 'I've got you.' 'Got me! how?' 'How! why haven't you committed a trespass?—an Englishman's house is his castle all the world over,' says the blacksmith, says he, 'you've broke into mine, and by jingo I'll trounce you.' 'Why the door was only latched.' 'Bolted, bolted, too, as I'll prove—an't I right, Nancy?' 'Yes, to be sure, master,' says the maid in the next room, 'what is it?' 'Didn't I bolt the door behind me?' 'To be sure you did.' 'There, now what d'ye say?' This cut the bum up sadly. 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you what, give us a jug of ale after the run, and we'll settle this matter amicably; you're my prisoner'—'Aye, but you've trespassed in taking me.' 'Agreed; but it's a lie; however, that's nothing, you can prove it, and

a proved lie is worth fifty facts without evidence. Now, if you like, I'll waive the arrest, and you shall waive the trespass; take ten yards law from the back door, and let us begin afresh, as though nothing had happened.' 'Agreed!' says the blacksmith, 'agreed! agreed!' So, after half emptying a big jug of home-brewed, to it they went; the blacksmith took his ten yards law, the bailiff put his best foot foremost, and away they went. 'The devil take the hindmost!' says the wench. Ha! ha! And so, when they had run two or three dozen yards, back turns the bailiff, for he saw that the blacksmith could beat him hollow, finished his beer in peace and quietness—but never went that road afterwards; for as sure as he did there was the blacksmith at his shop-door, with his tongue in his cheek, pointing at his former pursuer, and telling the joke to his journeymen. What d'ye think of that, now, eh?"—"It's a singular fact that you never told me that story." "No, to be sure not; never tell a story twice." "Above two or three dozen times in your life." "Munchausen, you—really, Sir—I"—"Look yonder," interrupted Tom, observing a portentous lour on the brow of Burleigh: "that gentleman with the long locks and eye-glass is an author." "Author! where?—never saw an author in my life, except, indeed, Sam Harris, who wrote the Ready Reckoner. I have him—who is he?" "Moncrieff, the dramatist, who did 'Tom and Jerry,' the piece you saw on your first and last visit to the theatre." "He!—come, come, now, Tom, a joke's a joke; but I hate imposition." "Ask him, Sir; here he comes." The dramatist approached, and, after looking for some seconds at Tom's face, at length recognized him. "Ah! youth," said he, "how are you?" "Pretty well—what are you doing here? looking out for a good character, I suppose." "Character here—nonsense—among such a set of flaming——its just the place to lose one, I should think." "Papa, talk to him in your odd way, and he'll put you in his next farce, perhaps; what a bit of gig that would be!" "Plenty of company here to-

night." "Yes, but they're no good;" replied the dramatist; "these tip-top singers are terrible drains to the treasury, and what do they draw? Nobility, Sir, nothing but nobility—lords and ladies—who pay their three-and-sixpences, and then toddle. That will never do—never in the world, Sir, depend upon what I say—it won't do—the eating public support the proprietors—the nobility don't sup—pullets pay, and that they have found out. A few fal-lal singers will do just as well as a regiment of first-raters. I shall order things differently." "You! what are you?"—"Yes, I shall come in next session; the present member means to accept the chiltern hundreds—you understand me—'a well-bred dog always walks down stairs when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him out of the window.'" So saying the dramatist passed on. Meantime Burleigh had been looking over the bill of fare, and every hair in his eyebrows stood erect at the prices affixed to pullets and plates of ham. "Well, confound such imposition, say I—I'd rather go home to St. Mary Axe without a morsel than sup at such a price." "Pray, papa, do let us sup here; I'm sure the pullets must be delightful." "Must! why?" "Why—why, because they are so dear." "Fiddlestick! Now you see, my love, the fruits of your method: here's an extravagant hussy! instead of teaching her to dress her own person, you should learn her how to cook cow-heel." "Cook cow-heel!" "Cook cow-heel! to be sure; you don't mean to say I like any thing better on earth than cow-heel well cooked, do you?" "For heaven's sake, Mr. B. don't make yourself so ridiculous; don't let every body know what you are." "Oh! I hate imposition.—I don't care who knows us—eh, Munchausen?" "It's a singular fact"—"D—n facts—I hate facts:—and rather than trapes about with the wench to plays and what not, you should instruct her to be satisfied with such amusement as"—"Really, papa, you're getting quite hideous; you'd have one do nothing but truss turkeys and play at tetotum. Mustn't one see any thing of life?" "Life!—imposition—life's death—death in disguise—a skele-

ton in scarlet attire—a—a”——“Hear! hear! hear!” “Now that’s humbug of you, Munchausen—you know it is; you saw I was at a stand-still, and you always cheer a man at Guildhall when he hasn’t a word to say for himself. I hate such imposition.” “It’s a singular fact, that I’m excessively hungry.” “Gammon—he’d fast for a fortnight—I heard him say so, just as the cloth was removing when we last dined with Wood’s committee.” “Really, papa”——“Nonsense.” “But, my dear Sir”——“You’re a fool, Tom.” “Mr. Munchausen,” said Mrs. B., rising, “I beg you will order supper.” B. looked at his bride’s eye, quailed beneath its glance, for he saw meanings in it which were invisible to others. He took snuff and scratched under his wig. Munchausen was very assiduous in his inquiries of Mrs. B. as to what she would like to eat and drink, and Tom went through the same civilities to Lydia. “Trash! trash!” cried B. cutting Tom short in a compliment which he had been at some pains to dovetail into the conversation: “don’t believe him, girl—it’s all imposition—you’d be a drug on the market with him if he didn’t think you had money: but don’t be too sure, Tom; I don’t know that I shall give my lambkin a guinea.” “La! papa! you’d never be so ungenteel as to give lamb without *mint-sauce*, would you?” “Puns, too! this is all her mother’s doings: I’ve no hand in it.”

In a few minutes the supper was set forth, and B. began again. “Here’s imposition! Plates of ham!—sliced cobwebs!” “Yes, papa, they are most indeed delightfully delicate—I could roll two of them up into my mamma’s thimble.” “What robbery! pullets! why they haven’t been hatched a week—taste of the egg most execrably. Do they hatch ’em by steam—a billion at a brood—or how? Shocking! Beef, indeed! Why it’s book-muslin pickled and boiled.” Thus he went on, abusing every thing, but eating as though he had tasted nothing before for a week, until the conclusion of supper. “Now for a bowl of rack,” said Tom, rubbing his hands. “Yes, indeed, rack,” quoth B.

"head-aches at a high price—rack after supper and rack before breakfast. I know by the smell of it from the next box it's good for nothing—all imposition—besides, look at the figure; no, no, waiter, bring me a pot of porter." "Goodness gracious, papa!" "Oh! let him expose himself as much as he pleases; we are all friends here," said Mrs. B., casting one of those significant glances at Tom, of which matrons only are capable. "Mr. W. knows your papa before." A mug of porter was brought, and the price asked. "A shilling, Sir." "What!" "A shilling, Sir." "Then confound me if this don't beat every thing. A shilling for a quart of porter! Never heard tell of such imposition in all my life. I won't have it—take it back." By this time Munchausen had swallowed half the contents of the jug, and as he finished his draught, observed, "It's a singular fact, that a pull at a mug of porter—or indeed any malt-liquor—is exceedingly grateful to my palate when I'm thirsty." Burleigh took up his hat and cane, and walked off without saying a word.

A flight of skyrockets—the most magnificent of all fire-works—now announced that the extraordinary ascent on the rope was about to commence. Lydia, flanked by Tom and ourself, immediately proceeded towards the gay crowd which was collected at one end of the gardens to view it, leaving Munchausen to tattle about singular facts and remarkable coincidences to Mrs. B. The fire-works were, as usual, splendid; we heard Burleigh within a few paces of us, saying they were all humbug and imposition—not half so fine as a well-insured warehouse on fire by the water-side. The ascent on the rope, which Lydia had never before witnessed; was to her particularly interesting. For the first time during the evening she looked serious, and as the mingled rays of the moon (then shining gloriously in the dark blue heavens, attended by her twinkling handmaids, the stars, which ever and anon shot down as the rockets mounted upwards, mocking the pigmy pyrotechnia of man), and the flashes of red-fire played

upon her beautiful white brow and ripe lips—blushing like a cleft cherry—we thought, for a moment, that Tom was a happy blade. While we were gazing on her fine face, her eye suddenly assumed its wonted levity, and she exclaimed, in a laughing tone, “Now, if the two-penny postman of the rockets were to mistake one of their directions, and deliver it among the crowd, so as to set fire to six or seven muslin dresses, what a bit of gig it would be !” This, of course, roused us from our reverie, and we returned to the rack.

When we reached the box, there was Burleigh accusing Munchausen of imposition, who—*notwithstanding his sanctified face*—B. averred, was making love to his wife. The rack, however, went merrily round, and we soon began to grow gay. The dancing ~~in front~~ of the orchestra was visible from the place where we sat, and Lydia enjoyed it amazingly ; B. vowed it was all imposition—that the dancers were hired for the purpose of making the scene look merry—that though their heels were light their hearts were heavy—and while he spoke, he beat time to the merry music with his head, foot, and elbow. “There’s a row,” said Tom, “at the entrance of the concert room.”—“Oh ! what a bit of gig !” exclaimed Lydia ; “I do so like a row—pray take us where we can at once be safe and see it.”—“That’s impossible.” “It’s a remarkable coincidence, that, on this very night five years ago, I was at Vauxhall, and there was exactly a similar sort of a squabble at the same place, at this identical hour.”—“Look, look,” said Tom, “do you see that middle-sized man in black breeches and silk stockings, with a little round hat and slender cane, walking towards the scene of uproar as fast as the others run ?—That’s a character. I thank my friend Videlicet for pointing him out to me ; otherwise, notwithstanding I have been long a visitor at Vauxhall, I should scarcely have discovered him. If ever human being may be said to be here and there and everywhere, it is certainly that man. His appearance is so quietly official, that it strikes attention. You meet him for the seventh time in six minutes, and you ask

your friend, 'Who *is* that?' and he cannot tell you. Comparatively speaking, nobody knows him—he is a moving mystery. If half-a-dozen persons who have noticed him meet in the centre of the garden—one will say that he has just seen him under the orchestra—another, that he left him in front of the ballet-stage—a third, that he met him not a moment ago in the alley leading to the moonlight-view—a fourth, that he caught a glimpse of him just before in the concert-room—a fifth, that he heard him talking to the check-taker at the entrance—and the sixth whispers that he is actually standing at his elbow—which is indeed the fact! The man seems to be endowed with ubiquity. People gaze at him—for he is always in motion; they wonder who he is—for he never takes part in any of the amusements of the place; he neither listens to the songs of Miss Love, nor looks at the dancers, nor gazes at the fireworks, nor eats in the boxes. He is Mephistophiles without a Faustus—you never see him with any companion but his cane. You would scarcely believe that there is a regular master of the ceremonies at Vauxhall; and yet, I assure you, there is—and that the man I have described fills the office. His name is Simpson, he has attended here—and it is his pride to say it—every public night from eight at night until three in the morning for above twenty years! He is never to be seen in his glory but at a row. The moment he hears the faintest hum of an uproar he glides away to the locus in quo, and it is miraculous to see how soon he gets to the core of the commotion. He pierces through the mob like an eel in mud. His manner of allaying a ferment I have frequently admired. Chesterfield himself could not be more polite in handing an offender into the custody of an officer. "My dearest Sir," says he, kindly squeezing the hand of the most boisterous offender; "my dearest Sir—I know it—your provocation has doubtless been—but consider, pray consider, the proprietors, of whom I am the unworthy representative, have an immense property at stake; if they do not keep order they lose their licence. Indeed, my

dear Sir, I feel for you—I know how it is—the wine—the wine, and the rack; they are both so good, so inspiring—so excellent—that really one is pardonable for feeling a little elevated on these occasions—that is the door by which gentlemen usually go out—now pray allow me—we shall be most happy to see you on any other occasion; but really—I hope I am not offensive—this way, if you please—we have been young ourselves”—and if he continues to be obnoxious; “Excuse me—indeed I’m very sorry—but these things will occur;—this is Mr. ——— of Union Hall police office—he’ll do himself the honour of seeing you safe out. Good night; we shall be so happy of your company any other evening. You’ll excuse me, my dear Sir—but really”——

“Now, will you swear to this?” exclaimed B. “It’s a singular fact,” said Munchausen, “that I happen to know the man, and the account is correct.” “I can’t think, papa, how you can doubt Mr. W.’s veracity.” “Veracity! all humbug! you’ll know better when you’re married, Lyd, than to believe all you hear. I’ve told people lies myself in my time—a good many, too, I promise you.” “You’d scarcely believe it, Sir,” said Munchausen, addressing Tom, “that although I am now about fifty years of age”—“Fifty! fraud! humbug! imposition! He’s sixty, if he’s a second. I saw him burn the register of his baptism when he was forty-seven, and that’s fourteen years ago come the first of next April!” “If that be true”—“True! you know it’s true—waiter, another bowl.” “The circumstance is the more extraordinary. I say, Sir, though a man of the world, and subject to temptation, I never was married in all my life—now that’s a singular fact.” “Not at all, with such a nose as you’ve got—tell you a joke about his nose and our Lydia, Tom.” “La! papa!” “For shame, Mr. B.” “Nonsense, wife! there’s no harm in it. When Lyd was a doll of a thing she was a deuce of a one for remarking every thing extraordinary: if a man had a pimple on his face Lyd was sure to tell him of

it; we used to call her 'little take-notice.' Ha! ha! Munchausen's nose wasn't half such a Nore-light then as it is now; but my wife, when he was first invited to dine with us, fearing that Lyd would be struck with it, told her that a gentleman with a red nose was coming to dinner, but she mustn't for her life say a word about it. Very well! every knock at the door—we had a large party—brought Lyd down stairs, to see the man with the large red nose; among the rest in came Munchausen. Lyd looked, but did not notice him. I dare say she expected to see somebody with a nose like a boiled lobster's tail, at least. Very well: after dinner, when mamma thought all was safe, Lyd looked round the table, and seeing nothing as big as a beet-root on any gentleman's face, she thought we had been hoaxing her. Ha! ha! in a moment of profound silence she opened her little lips, and very innocently said, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the room, 'Mamma! the gentleman with the large red nose isn't come, after all.' Ha! ha! ha! I thought Mrs. B. would have gone into fits. Munchausen's feature burnt blue—for he felt we had been talking about his painted proboscis, and the whole table burst into a roar of laughter. Ha! ha! ha! you'd have given a guinea to see Munchausen. Ha! ha! ha!" "Well, Mr. B. I really did not think you could have been so rude to Mr. M.—you quite make me blush—the rack must certainly be getting into your head," said Mrs. Burleigh. Lydia, during the narration of this anecdote, was almost convulsed with laughter; Tom took up his glass, attempted to drink, but the moment the punch touched his lips, he burst out into a fit of long-restrained mirth; Munchausen looked as unconcerned as Gog at Guildhall during a corporation dinner, and by the time Tom could command his countenance, was beginning to tell us another remarkable coincidence.

Bowl after bowl of rack was despatched—several minor rows occurred around us—most of the boxes were vacated—the ladies pressed for a retreat, and B. began to grow boisterous. He roasted the placid Mun-

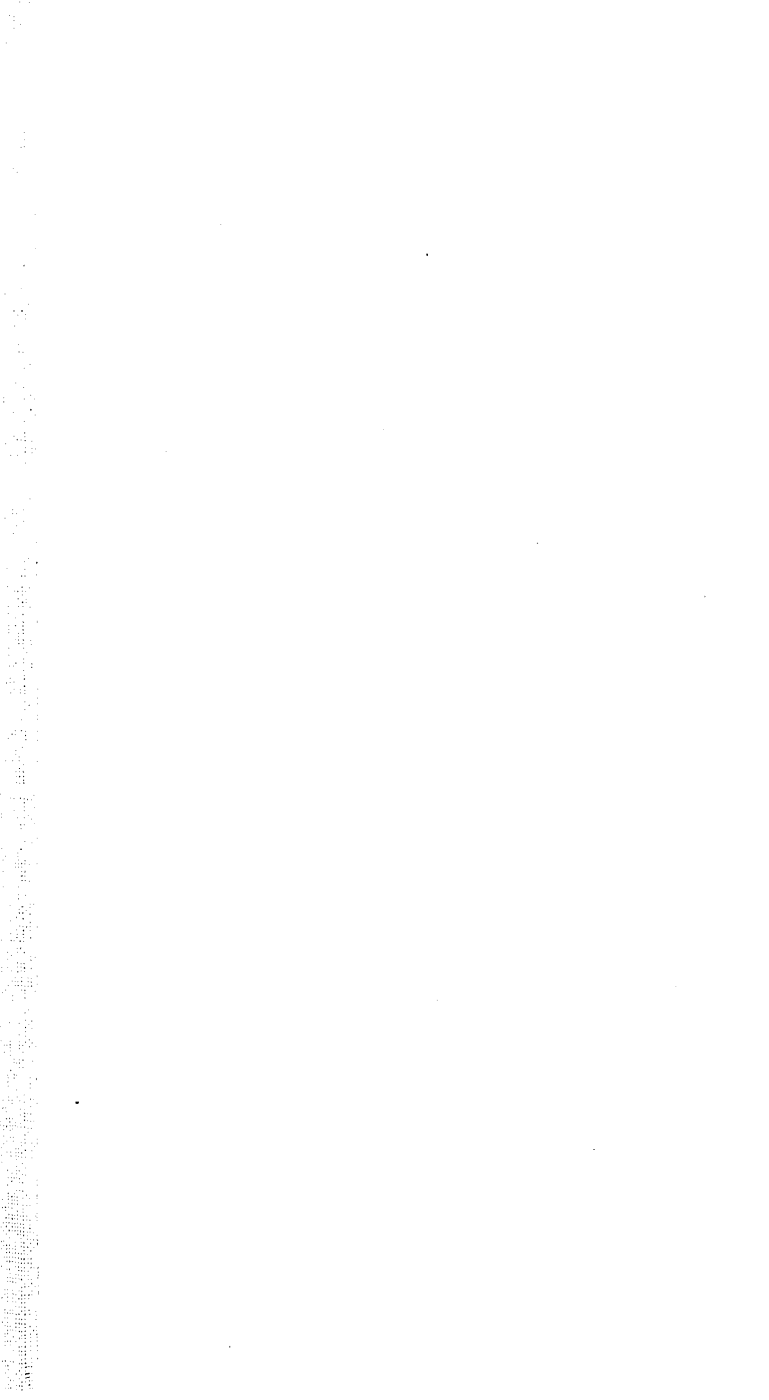
chausen unmercifully, abused the rack, and drank double his quantum at every round. "Pray, Mr. Munchausen," said Lydia, (it is astonishing how much a few glasses of punch embolden a miss-in-her-teens) "pray, Sir—we know you have never been married—but have you never felt the tender passion?" "Never more than I do at this moment," replied M. leering at Mrs. B. "Humbug again!" vociferated his senior partner, "I hate such imposition; why he was up to his eyes in affection for old Matilda—what's her name—the great fishmonger's maiden aunt—I used to call her Oyster Patty. Ha! ha!" "It's a singular fact"—"Unaccountably singular, for she was the ugliest old *maid*, the most *scaly* creature, the oddest *fish* (d'ye smoke the puns, Tom?) I ever set my eyes on. She had a sham caxon, a set of false teeth, a glass eye, and I don't know what besides—all imposition from top to toe—a walking specimen of humbug!" "Nay, nay, friend Burleigh"—"Oh! by Jove, it's a true bill, Munchausen, and you know it. If you had looked about you, you might, perhaps, have discovered—egad! a flaw in her understanding—she had a cork leg—and you might have seen it, if you had courage enough to peep under her flounces; but you were always so sanctified—so modest—all humbug and imposition, by-the-bye!" "To speak theatrically," said Tom—"to speak as a prompter—Mr. M. was right—you must not raise the curtain, Sir, before you *ring* the bell." "Good, Tom, take a chalk. Tell you a joke or two about this Miss Tilly; her glass eye wouldn't goggle, so she was obliged to step out of the room every now and then, to alter it's position, according to circumstances. One morning, when she was on a visit to us, she fancied she hadn't put it in it's place, and ran down to Mrs. B. exclaiming, that she had lost her eye, and damme there it was all the time glaring away in her head. I abhor such imposition, and was always determined to expose it." "It's a singular fact, that you never mentioned this to me." "No, to be sure—there was the joke—that's what I enjoyed—to hear you praising her precious eyes,

when I knew, that her mother gave her one for nothing, and the other cost her but a crown on Cornhill; you, like a d—d fool, never discovered it until she happened to set it awry one night, when a little the worse for three glasses of wine, and what she and the rest of the women took on the sly. I shall never forget it. There she sat, as she thought, ogling Munchausen most lovingly, while she was squinting at him most abominably.” “It’s a singular fact, that she had a fine hand for all that.” “Fine hand! fine fiddlestick! If you had made her Mrs. Munchausen, she would have cost you as much as old London Bridge to keep her in repair. Mrs. B. tells me”—“For shame, Burleigh.” “Oh! you know you did, my dear.—I detest imposition; she tells me, that your dear Matilda, Munchausen, was like a child’s map of a morning—one end of her here—t’other there—that it would be impossible for any one who wasn’t in the secret to put her together.” “Indeed, Mr. Burleigh, I never knew you so in my life before.” “Pshaw! it’s all correct! Tom, fill the glasses. Lyddy, dear, take another sup—’twont hurt you—it’s not strong—all imposition—water and sugar!—nothing of value in it.” “It’s a singular fact, that fifteen or twenty glasses of punch generally make me feel rather elevated; they actually get into my head.” “Gammon! absolute humbug! He’ll drink like a fish—I never saw him tipsy in my life.” “It’s a singular fact, that whenever I’ve been tipsy in your company, you have always been blind drunk.” “D’ye hear him? Well if ever! Tell you what, Munchausen, you have never come to your senses since you fell in love with old Matilda—Miss Billingsgate—the stale Patty! I say, my dear, do you remember?—must tell Tom about the wig.” “Nay, pray, Burleigh,” said Mrs. B. “Oh! pray, do let him, mamma; let him tell Tom about it—it’s a rare bit of gig.” “Capital!—One day, when we had rather an elegant party in St. Mary Axe, down came Miss Matilda, with a white satin bonnet, surmounted by three plumes of extravagant height. Very well. Underneath this bonnet she wore a rich lace neck-frill, or

tucker, by way of cap, to which she had pinned her best jet-black wig—and very stylish she looked, as Munchausen can testify—but all humbug, as you may guess. Very well! The next morning up she got, and dressing herself—by her glass eye instead of her good one, I suppose—she sallied forth with the frill, which she had the night before transformed into a cap, gracefully thrown over her shoulders. Lyd and her mother overtook her—there they are, and can't deny it—overtook her at midday in Cheapside, and, by jingo, there was the wig, which she had forgotten to unpin, stuck fast to the tucker, and dangling gracefully down her back! Ho! ho! ho! Isn't true, Mrs. B.?" "Yes! but you should make allowances; if Miss Matilda did wear a front, it was made of her own hair." "Oh! to be sure! Imposition for ever! I never knew a woman in my life that wore a wig, who didn't say it was her own hair cut off for convenience, to be blocked by the barber!—Humbug!"

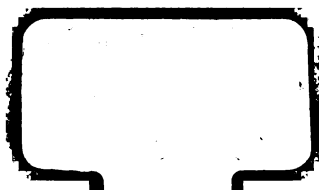
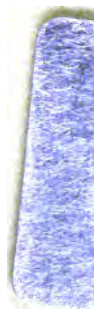
The stars had by this time ceased to sparkle through the foliage of the tall elms; "the grey-eyed morn" was already brightening the heavens with her glance; and we, with the firm of Burleigh, Munchausen, and Co. departed from Vauxhall.





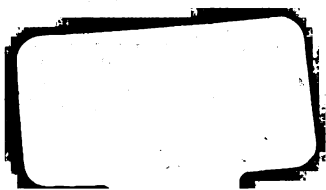


JUL 22 1931





JUL 22 1931





JUL 22 1931

